The Nation.

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The Week.

We are finding out at Manila what the English are finding out, not for the first time, in the Sudan, that savage warriors snap their fingers at the rules of the game of war. Lord Salisbury was hauled up in Parliament for saying that the English had "subjugated" the Sudan. "Oh, well," was his reply, "we have captured the capital and control the river, and that logically carries the whole." So it would in Europe. Napoleon in Vienna or Berlin, or Bismarck in Paris, had the enemy's country at his feet. But it does not work that way with savages —with Khalifas and Filipino chiefs. "You are conquered," says Gen. Kitchener to the Khalifa; "come in and surrender, and I will let you off with a hundred lashes with the koorbash, and a 'tax' of 2,000 cows." "You are conquered," says Gen. Otis to Aguinaldo; "quit your murderous shooting from the jungle and come and cast yourself on the mercy of the great McKinley, whose heart suffers a pang with every drop of blood you shed." But the ignorant and obstinate creatures, in the Sudan or in Luzon, don't even know that they are conquered. They shamelessly deny that they *are* conquered. As long as they are alive and can get ten men to follow them in bush or desert, they propose to fight. This is one of the beauties of conquest in savage lands which we know our Commissioners at Paris foresaw, for they keep telling us they foresaw and provided for everything. But we think they ought to leave off abusing Aguinaldo. It will make people suspect that he has given them a disagreeable surprise.

A democracy at war has always set military traditions at defiance; but we doubt if, since the First Republic of France, there has been seen quite so free-and-easy a way of carrying on a war as is now exhibited by our authorities. What with the desire to keep this war in the Philippines "close to the people," and the every-man-for-himself principle of action that animates our army officers, we are making a spectacle of ourselves. Gen. Lawton at Colombo, on his way to Manila, receives a dispatch from Gen. Otis saying that the situation in the Philippines is "critical." His first thought is, not to hurry up coaling and to get on, but to give the telegram to the press. He informed the reporters that he had an urgent dispatch also from the Adjutant-General at Washington. Secretary Alger, on being asked about this, said that no such message had gone to Lawton by *his* order. So Adjutant-General Corbin must have sent it on his own hook, though we see he denies having done so. In any case, it is a beautiful example of military hugger-mugger. On top of all comes the blazing indiscretion of publishing Admiral Dewey's alarmist dispatch calling for the *Oregon*. It is explained that this was given to the press by an "oversight." It came in cipher, and apparently the translation clerk conceived it to be his first duty to show it to the reporters. Secretary Long could read it so much more easily out of a newspaper. The Department professes not to know what Dewey's "political reasons" mean. But what the country is more concerned to know is, what the Government means by trying to conduct a war by shouting all secrets from the housetops.

These revelations indicate a more serious state of affairs in the Philippines than the Government has been willing to acknowledge. But the true inwardness of the troubles at Manila is disclosed in a wonderful "special" to the *Herald*. From this it appears that the Filipinos fight only to hold up the hands of the anti-annexationists in this country. The proof of this was discovered in a letter "from an insurgent official" which was "found on a dead man." No wonder he died, for the letter was of a sort to have fatal consequences to any man having it in his pocket. It contained the horrid news that American anti-annexationists "meditated the assassination of McKinley." This filled the Filipinos with joy. All they had to do was to go on with their guerilla fighting until Senator Hoar had a chance to strike down Cæsar McKinley at the foot of Pompey's statue. Probably they think the deed has already been done, and is kept from their knowledge by the severe American censorship.

Senator Frye explicitly admitted in the Senate on Monday that the President did not at first expect or desire his Commissioners at Paris to demand the Philippines. He said in reply to a question of Senator Vest's, "The instructions of the President when we started out were to take Luzon." That is to say, the policy which the President now says would have been infamous, he was then proposing to adopt. He was proposing to restore all the islands but one to the wicked and cruel rule of Spain. As respects all those gems and glories of the tropic seas, as he now calls them, he was ready, in the case of every gem except Luzon, to follow the disgraceful plan of "scuttle." Talk about the cowardly "sail-away" policy, it was the President's own. He was going to leave Mindanao in the lurch. He was going to abandon Panay. He was going to turn Cebu over to the plundering Spaniard. If he had been permitted to do it, it would have been just as easy for him to say, and for the country to believe, that it was the hand of Providence that guided him in his decision as it has been to say it, and believe it, of the change of plan that was forced upon him. But what brought about the change? Why, the representations made to our Paris Commissioners. They were told that there would be terrible scenes in the Philippines if we allowed the Spaniards to stay there. The only way to keep the peace was for us to take the whole group. Some of Gen. Merritt's testimony at Paris reads queerly enough in the light of subsequent events. For example:

> "Mr. Reid—Do you think any danger of conflict is now reasonably remote? Gen. Merritt—I think there is no danger of conflict as long as these people think the United States is going to take possession there. If they imagine, or hear from any source, that the Spaniards are to be reinstated there, I think they will be very violent."

The opponents of a large standing army won an important victory on Monday when the compromise army bill was finally passed by the Senate with the Gorman amendment attached, providing for the reduction of the forces on July 1, 1901, to the number allowed by law on March 31, 1898. Thus the burden of proving that the taxpayers of the United States should support a large army with which to "Christianize" the natives of far-distant islands, will rest upon the congressional expansionists at the long session of the approaching Congress. Their constituents will then have had time to think over the proposed departure from the republic's past policy in the light of considerable experience with the effects of Gatlings upon liberty-loving natives, and with the confusing excitement of the Spanish war well in the background. As for the bill as it now stands, it leaves the regular army, with the exception of the slight artillery increase, in practically the same condition as at present, with all the evils of the present staff organization unabated, even Senator Proctor having withheld his healing amendment until a future Congress and a more propitious time. As for the volunteer side of the bill, the provision which permits of the reënlistment of some of the regiments now in Manila may help the War Department out of a tight place, provided those organizations are willing to continue to kill those whose freedom they went to the Philippines to establish. For the rest, there will be plenty of places at the disposal of members of

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Congress, and the authorization of three regiments of rough riders "to serve mounted or dismounted," if retained in the final bill, will provide the new volunteer army with picturesque features.

Secretary Alger's firm resolve not to resign "while under fire" is precisely what was to have been expected of a warrior of his invincible mettle. He is not the first statesman in difficulties who has made this resolution. In fact, it has been for many years the shadow of a great rock in a weary land to harassed office-holders. The moment that charges are made against them they are secure. "I might have retired," they say, "had I not been attacked; but now that I have been attacked I must hold on lest it be said that I retreated under fire." Alger goes even further, and says it has been his intention from the outset to serve out his term with this Administration, and he proposes to do so, fire or no fire. As he makes this statement just at the moment when the revelations about his beef supplies for the army are assuming a particularly unfavorable aspect, it may be taken as final notice that he will allow nothing to induce him to resign. A man of less "nerve" might say to the President: "I realize that the disclosures which are being made about my conduct of the war are in danger of injuring your administration and thus imperilling your prospects for a renomination. While I am fully conscious of my innocence, I am unwilling that you should suffer because of the odium attached to me, and I, therefore, place my resignation in your hands for action. If you wish me to retire temporarily from the War Department until the truth or falsity of these charges is established, I will do so, or I will retire permanently, just as you prefer." Would Alger do that? Oh, no. The President might take him at his word and let him go permanently.

The real reason why the President retains Alger was given in the House on Friday by Mr. Johnson of Indiana, in a very remarkable speech. Mr. Johnson is a Republican who differs from his party associates in the House only in his determination to speak the truth fearlessly, no matter if by so doing he reflects upon the party's President. In commenting upon the recent Boston banquet, at which the President spoke, Mr. Johnson said:

"The Secretary of War was in attendance, he whom the Boston populace had hissed upon the streets a few hours before, ere they turned to greet with rapturous applause the chief who had bestowed upon him his official character. We can hardly blame them, though, for this, Mr. Chairman, for they were only following the precedent set them by some of the leading Republican newspapers of the country, which for months past have been fiercely attacking the Secretary, and yet have lacked the courage to lay their axe to the root of the evil and censure the gentleman who, to reward him for his political services and disbursements in the campaign of '96, appointed him to his present position and has maintained him there ever since, notwithstanding his incompetency, and against complaints that have been made against him."

That is a frank statement of what is universally known to be the truth. Secretary Alger cannot be got rid of simply because he bought his place with a heavy campaign contribution. He is a member of what is known in Washington as the McKinley Syndicate, which Mr. Johnson describes, also in very plain language, as the "gentlemen who furnished the money for his [McKinley's] nomination and election, and who, I doubt not, have pledged him a renomination and reëlection." He might have said also that they paid his private debts before they nominated him, he being then a bankrupt. Everybody in Washington speaks of this syndicate as a perfectly well-known and recognized institution, but Mr. Johnson is the first Republican who has had the courage to lay before the country the facts about it, and to set forth its true relations to the President and his policy of imperialism.

Thursday's testimony before the military court of inquiry brought out two facts which everybody interested should paste in his hat. One was that the order for canned roast beef came originally from Gen. Eagan, him of the fragrant speech. Col. Weston was asked on whose order the roast beef had been sent to Tampa. His answer was: "The order came from here. It was given by Gen. Eagan." Eagan himself confirmed this in his own evidence. He had "considered" last May the question of supplying the troops, and had "concluded that tinned roast beef was the best substitute for fresh beef." Here, then, we have it settled who was the author of the innovation. Gen. Eagan was but defending his own when he used against Gen. Miles language as foul as the beef he had entered into contract to supply as an army ration for the first time in our military history. The other fact is that Gen. Eagan and Secretary Alger were responsible for a form of contract covering the delivery of refrigerated beef, which they now admit was grossly improper. It contained a clause calling for meat that should be good "twenty-four hours after delivery from the refrigerator on shore." That clause, says the cheerful Eagan, was "an error," he thought "a clerical error of some kind." It was supposed that the period specified was seventy-two hours. All the papers and proposals had been submitted by Eagan to the Secretary of War, but, strange to say, neither of these vigilant officials had noticed that clause. Yet it was worth thousands of dollars to the contractors. Unlucky "clerical error"! But lucky contractors!

It is evident that the session is to expire without action on the bill to give Hawaii a territorial government. This is that "wisdom of Congress" to which both President Harrison and President McKinley were willing to leave all the "mere details" of a proper Hawaiian government. Congress says, in its wisdom, "Oh botheration!" and lets the poor Hawaiians make what shift they can. The need of action by Congress is crying. The Hawaiian Supreme Court has decided that the annexation resolutions of last July destroyed an important part of the jurisdiction of Hawaiian courts, and put nothing in its place. Yet Congress has shoved the whole thing aside. Its horizon has not been "broadened," as we were told it would be, by having distant possessions to legislate for. It still is absorbed in the duty which lies nearest at hand, which is to vote millions for the several "deestricts." The only bit of Hawaiian legislation that has a ghost of a chance to get through is the bill to lay a cable to Honolulu. The vigilant Senate has added an amendment to the sundry civil bill to do that. A cable the Hawaiians (and the contractors) simply must have; they can get along well enough without courts.

Ostensibly, the Nicaragua Canal bill which the Senate attached on Friday as an amendment to the river and harbor bill is the same as the House bill, the so called Hepburn bill. But in reality there is a vital difference between the two. The Hepburn bill swept away all the stock-jobbing speculators, and boldly provided that the President should acquire "territory" from Nicaragua and Costa Rica, and build the canal himself. The Senate slyly introduces after the word "territory" the words "or such rights, easements, or privileges." There creeps in the rotten Maritime Company, or its successors, ready to sell their "privileges" to their own Government at their own price. Only on these terms will the Senate consent to have any canal at all. If somebody's worthless stock is not to be made good by a Government guarantee, why move heaven and earth to get a bill through? Vice-President Hobart discreetly dodged ruling on the point of order that the Nicaragua amendment was not germane to the river and harbor bill. He probably knew that the Senate would not sustain an adverse decision. Anything with a job in it is always germane in the Senate. However, Senator Spooner secured the adoption of a clause authorizing the President to negotiate for the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. This is the orderly and decent way to go to work; so that even if the House accepts the Senate bill, the President can do little more than "negotiate" for some months to come. Not this year nor next will the canal be begun or bonds worth nothing be sold to the Government at par.

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The scandalous abuses which attended the census of 1890 were among the influences that contributed to the "tidal wave" of that year, and buried under popular disapproval the Harrison Administration, which was responsible for that census. If similar scandals shall disfigure the census of 1900 through the surrender of that work to the spoilsmen by the McKinley Administration, the Republican party will again pay the penalty, and this time when the Presidency is at stake. It rests with the Republican Senators and with the Republican President to decide whether their party shall reap profit or loss from the next census. The bill which provides for taking it is now pending before the Senate. The House passed it with a section suspending the operation of the civil-service law in the Census Bureau, and thus authorizing another riot of spoils, like that of 1890. The Senate can amend the measure by requiring the application of the merit system. If it shall not so amend it, the responsibility will then rest upon the President, and the *Tribune* has pointed out his duty in the premises when it says:

> "We are by no means certain that the President would not be justified in vetoing a census bill containing so inexcusable a violation of the promises under which he was elected. Unfortunate as any delay in taking the statistics beyond the regular time would be, he might reasonably expect that the people would stand behind him in emphatically reminding Congressmen that party pledges are not waste paper. They sometimes act as if they thought they were, and a sharp lesson on the subject must come some time."

The President has another responsibility, which cannot be shirked. It is for him to nominate the Director of the Census, and he need expect no opposition from the Senate. The greater the chance that Congress will muddle the bill, the more imperative that the head of the Census should be sound.

One of Shayne's or MacShayne's valuable suggestions for the solution of the custom-house difficulty is, that an officer should cross on each steamer and take the passengers' "declarations" about their baggage on the way. There are two objections to this scheme. One is that the women are apt to be sick at sea, and would find nothing more loathsome than writing out "declarations" about their clothes for custom-house officers in mid-ocean. Besides, there is no pretence, even on Shayne or MacShayne's part, that making the declaration would save them from the insult of the subsequent examination on shore. It is the double process which constitutes the offensiveness of the whole transaction, over and above the delay. The fact is, we believe, that our custom-house system was devised in the days of sailing-vessels, when about ten travellers a month went to Europe. The Treasury publicists have never been able to grasp the new situation, to understand that tens of thousands of travellers in the nineteenth century cannot be treated like tens in the eighteenth. For the same reason, they have never been able to get into their heads the difference between a man or woman who lands in New York once in a year, or in two or three, with two or three trunks of personal clothing, and a man who has to import cases of foreign goods every week as part of his business for sale. Plenty of importers think that because they have to make out lists of their goods imported for sale, every lady or gentleman who comes back once a year from a summer trip ought to call the Creator to witness how many pairs of drawers and socks were bought in London and Paris. Why cannot our statesmen and officials grow up? Why have they no sense of proportion? Why do they not understand that the custom-house inspectors and the whole taxing apparatus are intended in civilized lands for the convenience of the citizen and not for his annoyance?

On Tuesday, February 7, there was an amusing allusion in the English House of Commons to the peregrinations of Lord Charles Beresford, towards whom the American continent and the Hon. Whitelaw Reid have, during the last week or two, been indulging in so much effusive hospitality. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman showed in the debate on the address what geese we have been making of ourselves in treating Lord Charles as in any sense an organ of English opinion or a good adviser of a peaceful, industrial people like ourselves. To the English Liberals he is a joke, and the Conservatives refuse to be responsible for him. So that he is really wandering around on his own hook, so to speak, advising us to fight in matters with which we have no concern. In fact, the only advice he has to give or ever gives anybody is to fight hard, and, to do him justice, whenever he gets a chance, he fights hard himself. To fight hard is, in the opinion of the military circle to which he belongs in England, the chief end of man. He belongs, in fact, to the same school of politicians to which Theodore Roosevelt belonged before he was elected Governor. If that school had its way, the world would bear a striking resemblance to the Scotch Highlands in the fifteenth century, or to Donnybrook Fair in later times—that is, fighting would be the chief occupation of the human race. Some would be always keeping "doors open" and others keeping them closed, but not with the view of keeping them permanently either one or the other. The delight of keeping them "open" would lie in the fact that some one was trying to close them by force, and the delight of trying to "close" them would lie in the fact that somebody was trying to keep them open. Negotiation would rapidly becomes a lost art, and peace become a national calamity.

The attentions bestowed on Lord Charles, and the rapt attention with which he is listened to, are a somewhat sad sign of the change which has come over the spirit of our dream. We have completely changed the class of Englishmen as well as of native Americans from which we draw our advisers. It would be well, however, to wait the result of our first experiment in "imperialism" before we engage new counsellors and gush over every wandering swordsman. In another year we shall know a great deal more about "open doors" than we do now. Ought we not to wait and see how many Filipinos we shall have converted to the Gospel of Christ, and what kind of government we shall be carrying on in those distant parts—whether William McKinley will be ruling with stern severity over ten millions of barbarians, or shall have "returned to the practice of the law" in Canton, Ohio?

President Loubet's inaugural message was a quiet recital of the Executive's purpose to enforce the laws and make them respected, while endeavoring to unite all the elements of the nation's strength in loyal support of the republic which "has given France her free institutions." So strong and tranquil is the President's position that the agitators against him and his methods are already forced to betray their real animus, and to break up into mutually recriminating factions. Brunetière's fancy new League of the French Fatherland is rent in twain, he himself having been forced to renounce and denounce the action of its own officers. They are now openly for sedition and revolution, along with Déroulède and Beaurepaire, and Brunetière has thus to disown his own children. He now practically goes over to the very "intellectuals" whom he sneered at, and who had asserted that the only hope for France was in having justice done and the law made supreme over the army and terrorists of all kinds. In short, there are many signs that the French outlook is decidedly clearing. At any rate, the great experiment will have further trial. France has deliberately cast in her lot with the countries which choose freedom, despite its inconveniences. A law of lèse-majesté would come in very handy in Paris just now, to repress and punish outrageous attacks on the chief of state, but, on the whole, the free régime, the way of free speech and publicity, is justifying itself as well as absolutism is in Berlin. It might be said, in fact, that France's present troubles arose from her authorities going over temporarily to the methods of tyranny. Chief among these are secret trials, bewildering and mystifying the people.

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A GREAT MORAL CATASTROPHE.

If, after the news of the battle of the Nile or of Trafalgar had reached England, the people through their leading organs, clergy, newspapers, legislators, politicians, had with practical unanimity determined to abandon the Protestant faith and to embrace that of Rome, as professed by most of the older nations of Europe, had begun to go to confession and to follow "processions of the cross" through the streets once more, would it not be treated by historians as one of the most astounding events of the modern world? It certainly would. And yet a revolution nearly as extraordinary has occurred among us as a consequence of the battle of Manila, or what is popularly known as "Dewey's victory." We admit there is more sign of motive in Dewey's victory for the change which has occurred here, than there would have been in the battle of Trafalgar for the change which we have imagined in England; but one would, in suddenness and unexpectedness, be the equal of the other. And the moral decadence exhibited by ours far surpasses that which would have been revealed by the English conversion, for we have, with a stronger faith than England's Protestantism, held during the whole period of our national existence, or for over one hundred years, the following creed of four articles:

(1.) That all just power is derived from the consent of the people who live under it.

(2.) That armed resistance is presumptive evidence that this consent has not been obtained.

(3.) That the people who offer this resistance are the supreme judges of its justifiability; that the morality of attempts at a revolution has to be determined by the event, and that the opinion of a conqueror, or would-be conqueror, thereon is worthless.

(4.) That fitness for self-government can be determined only by the people themselves, and that the first and surest evidence of this fitness is willingness to fight for independence; that no oral or written expression can be accepted in place of it, and that judgments as to their political capacity by foreigners who do not know the people, are absurd.

Under this creed we have lived from 1776 until 1898, and we have professed it with an enthusiasm often bordering on extravagance. In fact, "good Americans" have generally been supposed willing to die for it, after the manner of the early English heretics. Under it, too, we have as a nation, by every mode known to us except an appeal to arms, dealt with the following revolutions or attempts at revolution: the Greek revolution, all the Italian attempts at revolution, all Polish attempts at revolution, all the attempts at revolution in Spanish America and in Cuba, all Irish attempts at revolution, all Hungarian attempts. Such revolutions we have treated in various ways—some by armed aid, some by dispatches, and some by wildly enthusiastic popular receptions, like that which we gave to Kossuth. There never has been during the whole century, with its varying circumstances and numerous temptations, the slightest sign of weakness or of doubting on our part.

Our love of the creed and devotion to it, too, have been accompanied by constant hostility to its enemies, and it has had many, who would gladly have taken us up to exceeding high mountains, and have shown us all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them. The Greek rising in particular excited prodigious fervor among us. Our poets, our statesmen, and our orators were all pressed into its service. One American in particular, Dr. Howe, won undying fame by a display of readiness to fling away his life in battle with the Turk. No European diplomat was allowed to tell us whether the Greeks were fit for self-government. They were poor, they were ignorant, they were degraded by centuries of oppression. They did not carry on war according to Jomini or Napoleon, but used all sorts of weapons that would kill or disable an opponent. They cut waterpipes, they burned houses, they went naked, they starved, they did everything except make terms with the enemy; they showed no political quality, except the courage never to submit or yield. And yet there were few American eyes which did not at that day grow wet over stories of the desperate valor of Bozzaris or the heroic resolution of the women of Missolonghi.

The French and English finally went to their assistance; but they did not kill them or issue lofty proclamations to them. It was the Turks they killed. They did not propose to Turkey to sell Greece to France or England, and say they meant to keep it for one of themselves, as the Greeks were not fit for self-government. Had they done so, there would have been a howl here in America which would have lifted the roof off the Capitol. It is true their standard of political capacity was not as high as ours. They had no McKinley nor Alger nor Corbin nor Eagan nor the learned Day. In short, we became, in the first century of our existence as a nation, not only the professors of the creed we have described, but the apostles of it. We professed it with far more heat than the English nation professes Protestantism. Our temper about it far more nearly resembled that of the Mussulmans in the early years of the Prophet's propagandism. There were few European Powers which did not find reason to believe that we too had some of the "true believer's" devotion.

It must not be forgotten, moreover, that, as late as the Congress of Verona, the practice prevailed in the Old World of treating whole territories, with their population, as property which could, under the law of nations, be rightfully conveyed to another ruler, by way either of gift, exchange, dowry, or money purchase. The instances of this in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries are too numerous to cite in a newspaper article. Under this rule or custom this Congress parcelled out Italy, and the Holy Alliance wanted to retain her American provinces in allegiance to Spain. The first formal recognition, if we remember rightly, of the right of a people to be consulted about its fate was the plébiscite taken in Savoy when it was transferred to France in 1859. We need not say that there was no article in the old political law and usage more abominated in America than this of the Congress of Verona. It was in every American house only one degree less odious than the custom of the small princes of Germany to hire out their troops to fight for somebody else, when they were hard up for money, like the Elector of Hesse. There were at that time no flags on the school-houses, but there was no American boy whose eyes you could not make blaze by telling a story of the purchase of 10,000,000 of people for $20,000,000, and the slaughter of many thousands of them because they refused to be sold and resisted the landing of the conquerors' troops on their shores in order to consummate the purchase. "If I were an American as I am an Englishman," said Lord Chatham, "I would never lay down my arms while a foreign soldier was landed in my country." "Of course not," the American boy of 1860 would have said, as Chatham said—"Never, never, never."

Even the boy of that period would have been disgusted with the gossip of our generals, admirals, and fighting parsons about the unfitness of the Filipinos for self-government. What do they know about the matter? How many English generals and admirals and fighting parsons thought Americans fit for self-government in 1776? Did the Austrians think the Hungarians and Italians fit for self-government in 1848? Did the Turks think the Greeks fit for self-government in 1823? And yet the Austrians spoke Italian—often were Italians themselves and had lived long in Italy. Our mighty rulers of men are buying and selling countries which they have never seen, whose language they do not understand, and of whose existence they were hardly aware a year ago. A general who has spent a month in Manila, or an admiral who has fought a battle on the coast, is treated as a competent adviser about the fate of a people of whom we know little more than about the inhabitants of Mars. This is, in itself, proof, not only of our abandonment of our ancient faith, but of our ignorance about our new doctrines.

We hear a good deal about the incompetency of the Filipino masses to carry on a government. But in what

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country that has achieved its independence since we achieved ours, were the masses fit to carry on a government? Greece, Hungary, Italy, the South American republics? Is it possible that even McKinley pundits do not know that, after a war of independence, it is always, as with us, a small body of leading men who construct government and set it going? It was so in all other Spanish-American states, and we have for seventy-five years agreed to consider them successful. It is we, and we only, who have set up the ridiculous pretence that it is for foreigners to decide whether a people is worthy to be free. Any people proves its fitness to be free, as we proved ours, by achieving its freedom. That is the only sure and legitimate way. The opinion of McKinley's office-holders on the matter is not worth a dozen cans of beef. We have no reason for concluding that the Filipinos cannot set up as good a government as any other revolted Spanish state, except our own greed, and our shameless abandonment of the noble faith under which we have lived for a century, and have achieved everything that has won for us the respect and confidence of mankind.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR AGUINALDO?

We are reading and hearing these days a great deal of solemn denunciation of the Philippine general, president, dictator, or whatever he is. Aguinaldo's crimes are many, but the sum of them is that he doesn't like us, and won't do what we want him to. The rest is mere subordinate and superfluous detail. That he is an unscrupulous politician, frankly "on the make"; that he is vain and silly; that he is treacherous and cruel—all this is mere rhetorical embroidery of the main charge, namely, that he is cutting up rough and making us no end of trouble, where we expected to have simply a grand triumphal march of civilization and religion; the religion being, of course, of the kind that is profitable for the life that now is as well as that which is to come.

Well, Aguinaldo may be a foolish and reckless adventurer—we think he is; but he did not get where he is and acquire the power to plague us as he is doing, without American assistance and responsibility. We accuse him of bad faith, but he flings back the charge, and, unluckily, he has an unpleasant amount of evidence to support him. In his counter-proclamations of January 5 and later he definitely asserted that "the American authorities" had taken him from Hong Kong to Manila with the distinct promise of giving "liberty and independence" to the Filipinos. He specifically mentions a promise of independence made to him by the American consul at Singapore, Mr. Pratt, and says that it was on the strength of that that he went to Cavité to aid Admiral Dewey in forcing the Spanish to surrender. Of course, Aguinaldo had no business to trust the assurances of our consuls. They were not "the American authorities." Dewey and Merritt preserved a perfectly correct attitude, and avoided all entanglements with the natives. But how was the poor untutored Filipino to know that our precious consuls were acting without authority? The severe wigging which each of them got from our State Department for their impertinent meddling was not known to Aguinaldo. For all he knew, they were directed and empowered to make him the promises they did. At any rate, his citation of these promises is a particularly awkward thing for us, especially as the proof that he is speaking but the truth is set forth at large in the very documents which the President sent to the Senate along with the peace treaty.

In those documents it clearly appears that Consul Williams of Manila, Consul Wildman of Hong Kong, and Consul Pratt of Singapore are the men who got their own Government into this scrape with Aguinaldo. They exceeded their authority, as well as, of course, all propriety, in making him pledges and holding out to him hopes which led him on little by little, organizing an army, setting up a government, until at last he found himself actually fighting the Americans, who, he bitterly asserts, lied to him and tricked him. And that is just what our consuls did. The Singapore *Free Press* of May 4, 1898, gives an account of the negotiations between Consul Pratt and Aguinaldo. One part of their agreement was that the United States would give to the Philippines the "same terms" as it intended to give to Cuba. In an official letter to Secretary Day, Consul Pratt admits that the facts in this newspaper report were "correctly given." The disclosure was "annoying," but the muddle-headed Consul concluded that "no harm" could come of it, and that "I suppose I should rather congratulate myself that the secret possessed by such a number was kept so long."

There are pages more of the wretched interfering and intriguing of our consuls. If Aguinaldo is an inflated fool, it was they who filled him with wind. It was Wildman of Hong Kong and Williams of Manila who gave him the idea that he was to be a great "figure in history," the "Washington of the Philippines," and so on. They are the men who did the mischief. They, not their silly dupe Aguinaldo, are the ones for our able editors to spend their time in holding up to scorn. How came it that we had such men in such offices? What sort of consul was it who had to be rapped over the knuckles by his chief, and reminded that "you are forbidden to make pledges or discuss policy"? Why, they were just the kind of happy-go-lucky political scrapings that we have been in the habit of sending to represent our country in foreign parts. What difference did it make? They had nothing to do. Well, we see what a fist of it they made when they really had something to do. If they had not been such erratic and untrustworthy harum-scarums, we might have kept out of all this horrid mess with Aguinaldo. What a figure it is which Consul Williams cuts, appealing from the deck of a battle-ship in Manila bay for the "appointive favor" of Secretary Day, telling him, "I need your recognition," and "Could I be appointed general commissioner of customs of the Philippine Islands, lighthouse inspector, or general commissioner of agriculture, I should be honored and pleased"!

Honoring and pleasing ridiculous consuls have brought us what we see. To "expand" by means of such agents would be only to advertise our folly among nations as yet ignorant of it, and to seek new worlds, not to conquer, but for the purpose of writing ourselves down asses. President McKinley cannot be too quick with his message explaining to Congress his long-meditated plan for a purified foreign service. We know that he was just bursting with it last December, but it would not have been "good form" to tell Congress about it then. You see, the treaty was not then ratified, and the islands were not ours. Well, they are ours now, at least they are ours to fight for, and we think all questions of taste and nice propriety might now be waived, and the President begin telling us how we are to avoid having such blundering consuls in the future. He might explain, while about it, how he came to send an old political "rounder" to Singapore in succession to Consul Pratt. How does he know that his new appointee has not put on a jibbah and gone to preaching a jehad, or "holy war," against some nation with which we are at peace? In any case, the President, and Congress, and all the editors and Washington-Birthday orators had better leave off at once abusing Aguinaldo, and devote their attention strictly to our own incompetents and adventurers, who are really more responsible for our trouble than Aguinaldo is.

THE REAL CULPRITS.

There is nothing unusual about Croker's "strike" against the Manhattan Company except its publicity. Hitherto all transactions of this kind between him and the corporations have been conducted in private. He has made his demands and they have been complied with. Usage has so accustomed him to this exercise of governmental powers that he has come to regard it as his right. Then, too, reputable citizens, members of great and powerful corporations, who have paid him his blackmail, have treated him with respect after the transactions were closed. He has come

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to look upon himself, therefore, as a real ruler. What could be more natural under these circumstances than that he should feel indignant when one of his hitherto docile subjects suddenly refused to yield to his commands? He goes about daily as a reputable, even eminent citizen. Men of character and standing in the community treat him with deference, and some of them, including Judges of the Supreme Court, consent to become members of his Club, after they have paid him cash in return for their nominations. If these treat him as a worthy companion for reputable men and recognize him as the ruler of the city, why should he not treat himself in the same way?

The whole truth in this matter was spoken by Mr. Wheeler H. Peckham in his address before the City Club on Friday evening. It is all contained in the following sentences which we select from his remarks:

> "The men responsible for the present political corruption in this city should be in prison, and not hailed as they are as the great men of the community. There are corporations which contribute to the funds of both parties, so that the failure of one side will not leave them with the minority. These contributions are made for warding off attacks or for obtaining privileges that should never be granted. The corporations say, substantially, 'We will bribe this or that party to make it give what we want,' and the inherent selfishness and cowardice of the men who stand guard over these corporations are responsible for this giving and receiving. The organization now in control of this city is as absolute in its power as any dictator that ever ruled in this world. Within its own ranks are rules that no member dares disobey. 'Taxes upon taxes shall you pay,' it says to us. 'Loan upon loan shall be increased.' 'If there are two corporations holding street-car franchises, we will strike at the one of whose stock we are short for the benefit of the one of whose stock we are long.' But we let these men go about as our neighbors and shake hands with them in the most friendly manner, when every man of them should be in jail. You will never help this community so long as you recognize the successful rascal as entitled to your respect."

Whoever has given any attention to this subject knows that every word of the above is true. Heads of our great corporations admit that they pay blackmail regularly to both Croker and Platt. Yet both men move about, not like criminals and social outcasts, but as men who are entitled to respect and even honor. This great city, with its enormous wealth and its annual municipal budget of $100,000,000, is the personal property of Croker to-day, solely because Platt handed it over to him by running Gen. Tracy for Mayor in 1897. A more open alliance between two political scoundrels for the looting of a great city was never formed, yet both Platt and Croker have been treated with no less consideration because of it. Eminent citizens do not hesitate to meet them at public or semi-public banquets, and on one of these occasions we witnessed the astonishing spectacle of President Low proposing three cheers for Gen. Tracy, the man who had allowed himself to be the medium through which Platt turned the city over to Croker.

It is folly to blame Croker or Platt for anything either of them may do, so long as reputable men, the foremost citizens we have, consent to associate with them in any capacity, or to give social recognition either to them or to the so-called reputable men who are their allies and beneficiaries. It ought to be the social ruin of any man to be a member of Croker's Club or to buy public position of him. Yet this is far from being the case. How often have we heard it said that "you must not be too particular in these matters," that "Croker and Platt are the outcome of a system which is supported by the people," that "they are men of force and capacity, or else they could never hold such power," and that, all this being the case, "you only injure yourself by opposing them." How often, too, have we heard reputable men go further than this and say: "Well, what is the use of fighting a man like Croker? The people have put him where he is. He controls everything. If you fight him you only hurt yourself. Why not go in with him and get a 'piece of it'? So and so, reputable men, do this, and they are getting rich by it, and their social and business positions are not injured by it. Why should we not do the same?" This line of reasoning is especially prevalent among young men, and it is to-day the most demoralizing influence that is at work in this community.

Why should Croker "strike" the Elevated Railway Company so fiercely because of its refusal to allow him to put compressed-air pipes on its structure? That he did "strike" it is unquestioned. His denial of that or any other accusation has no weight. If he could hang the pipes of his concern upon the structure it would save him millions of dollars, for otherwise he would have to put them under ground at enormous expense. He and his friends are heavily loaded with the stock of this enterprise; they have been induced to invest in it by some persuasive friend or other, and they are anxious to have it put in operation in the most economical manner possible. He, looking upon himself as the ruler and owner of the city, decided that the Manhattan Company should do what he wished in the matter, should give him for $10,000 what would otherwise cost him millions. The company's refusal aroused him to fury. The idea of daring to offend him! He would show 'em who owns the city. That is the case in a few words. He has come out into the open with his system of government. Will this community, which has submitted so meekly to this system when operated in private, submit to it with equal docility when its operation is fully disclosed? What would be the effect were other corporations to imitate the Manhattan Company, refuse to yield to future demands, and reveal the nature of them to the public? Would Mr. Croker go to Europe permanently or to jail? He certainly would not strut about the town as he does at present, delivering addresses to the people about the conduct of their affairs.

THE PRE-IMPERIAL JOSEPHINE.—II.

PARIS, February 8, 1899.

Josephine was at Fontainebleau, where she was spending the summer of 1791 with her young children in the house of the Marquis de Beauharnais and of Mme. Renaudin, when she heard that her husband had been elected President of the Constituent Assembly. M. de Beauharnais had already for some time played an important part; he was among the orators of the Assembly. He took his place at Versailles among the *forty-seven* of the nobility—with Castellane, Lafayette, D'Aiguillon, the Duke d'Orléans, Lameth, Lally-Tollendal, the Duke de la Rochefoucauld, his patron, etc. He joined the *Tiers;* on the famous night of the 4th of August, he renounced all feudal rights, he discussed the Declaration of Rights. By a curious coincidence, two days after occupying the Presidential chair, he had to announce to the Assembly the flight of the King to Varennes. The general who tried to help Louis XVI. was the Marquis de Bouillé, whom Beauharnais had known in the West Indies. He had asked to be Bouillé's aide-de-camp and had not been accepted; now he had become one of his judges, and had to proceed to the examination of the King and Queen, who had been brought back to Paris.

When Josephine returned to the city from Fontainebleau, she met her husband from time to time in various houses. "They put on a good face with each other," says M. Masson, "but there is no intimacy. Beauharnais can speak in high terms of virtue; but he does not include in that term conjugal fidelity." Josephine sees a rather mixed society; she has no choice, going where she is invited; with her small income, she has to live very simply. The Constituent Assembly was dissolved at the end of 1791, and soon afterwards Beauharnais, inscribed in the ranks of the general staff of the army, had to join the division to which he was attached. He was in the Third Corps commanded by Marshal Rochambeau, and was soon promoted to be colonel; he found time, during the operations of the campaign in the north of France, to write letters constantly to the Legislative Assembly, full of the most glowing patriotism. "On the 7th of September, while his patron, the Duke de la Rochefoucauld, is being murdered at Gisors, and in Paris the companion of his early studies, Charles de Rohan-Chabot, is killed, Alexander is promoted *maréchal de camp* and appointed chief of the staff of the army in process of formation at Strasbourg." Beauharnais was a very poor soldier, but he wrote proclamation after proclamation, which had sometimes the honor of being inserted in the official *Moniteur;* he spoke in the clubs, wrote pamphlets. He spent the whole of 1793 in Strasbourg; the year after, he took some part in the operations of the war; he had 60,000 men under his orders, but his absolute inertia caused the capitulation of Mayence. He retreated towards Wissem-

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bourg, offered his resignation to the Convention, and left the army before it had been accepted in terms which were justly severe towards so incompetent a general.

During all this time, what had become of Josephine? She spent some time in the village of Croissy, near Paris, at the house of a creole friend. It was there that she made the acquaintance of Réal, the son of a gamekeeper of Chatou, who had become Procureur au Châtelet. Through him she made the acquaintance of Tallien; she already knew Barrère, whom she had seen at Madame de Genlis's. She had great fears for her children, on account of the perpetual agitation of Paris, and confided them for a time to the Princess Hohenzollern, her friend, who took them to a house belonging to a Prince of Salm. She intended to send them to England, but Alexander Beauharnais heard of it, and from Strasbourg sent instructions to place Eugene in a national *lycée*.

Josephine had no political opinions. She was almost intimate with some members of the Mountain; she maintained affectionate relations with Charlotte Robespierre. M. Masson cites a very humble letter of hers, addressed to the Girondist Lanjuinais, in which she praises his heroism, his principles, his sensibility. In September, 1793, she had to choose a residence in order to obtain a certificate of citizenship, and she elected Croissy as her legal residence. Eugene joined her there, and, in order to prove her citizenship, she apprenticed him to a joiner—Hortense was working as a seamstress. This did not prevent Josephine from paying visits in the neighborhood—to the Demoiselles de Vergennes, one of whom became Madame Rémusat, a *dame du palais*, and the other, Madame de Nansouty; to Réal, the future Councillor of State, and a few others.

As soon as she had her certificate of citizenship, she returned to Paris, and mixed with a number of people whom the Revolution had brought to the surface of society. She was obliging, and interposed for friends in danger; she used the new Revolutionary style. M. Masson gives the text of a petition which she addressed to Vadier, President of the Committee of General Safety. It is in the style of the period, and begins: "Salut, estime, confiance, fraternité." She recommends to the mercy of Vadier her sister-in-law, wife of the elder Beauharnais. "I put myself in your place; you doubt the patriotism of the *ci-devants*, but it is in the order of things that, among them, there are ardent friends of liberty and equality. Alexander has never deviated from these principles. . . . If he was not republican, he would have neither my esteem nor my friendship. . . . I write to you with frankness, *en sans culotte montagnarde*." She ends by saying: "Adieu, estimable citizen; you have my entire confidence." Vadier refused to see her, and she gained nothing by her epistolary eloquence.

On leaving Strasbourg, Alexander Beauharnais went straight to La Ferté and to Blois. An order of arrest was sent out for him, and the first name found on the order is that of Vadier, on whom Josephine counted so much. She was herself arrested a month afterwards at Croissy and sent to the Carmes, the prison which had been the principal theatre of the famous massacres of September. It was one of the most unhealthy in Paris. There were living there at the time when Josephine arrived the Prince of Salm-Kyrbourg, M. de Rohan-Montbazon, the Duke de Béthune-Charost, the Abbé de Boulogne, Delphine de Custine (*née* Sabran), M. de Gouy d'Arcy, who had been one of the Constituents, Mme. de Lamech, Mlle. de Sourdeval and her two daughters, the Counts of Soyécourt and Champcenetz. Many other ladies and gentlemen were thrown among men of the people, belonging to all possible vocations; there were even boys of thirteen years old. "They were all there like people on a raft at sea, condemned, before dying, to live together. Before the promiscuity of the basket of the guillotine, there was an odious promiscuity in the rooms, the courts, at meals," etc.

Josephine met her husband at the Carmes. "It was only there," says M. Masson, "that they probably were frankly reconciled —and reconciled in the manner in which the marriage union was understood ten years before: entire liberty and good friendship." They wrote joint letters to their children, who were under the guard of a Citoyenne Lannoy; but Alexander did not conceal a violent passion for Delphine de Custine, while Josephine "established herself *en coquetterie réglée* with Hoche, who had entered the prison at the same time with herself." Alexander Beauharnais left the Carmes on the 4th Thermidor (five days before the 9th Thermidor, which marked the fall of Robespierre), to go to the Conciergerie; he knew that the end had come. The Revolutionary tribunal condemned him, and he was guillotined on the 6th Thermidor. In his last letter to Josephine, written from the Conciergerie, he speaks of "the *fraternal* attachment" which binds him to her, of his affection for his children, and of his "regret at being separated from a country which he loves and for which he would have given a thousand lives." He is unhappy at the idea that the country might suppose he was a bad citizen, and recommends Josephine to try to rehabilitate his memory. But "this work must be deferred, for, in the revolutionary storm, a great people which struggles in order to break its chains ought to surround itself with a just distrust, and fear rather to forget the guilty than to smite the innocent."

Exit Alexander: Josephine is alive. Had she been forgotten? Did she owe her life to La Bussière, the actor, who had become clerk of the Revolutionary tribunal, and destroyed some of the papers which were to be submitted to the tribunal? (La Bussière is the hero of Sardou's "Ninth Thermidor.") Josephine certainly thought so, for on the 5th of April, 1803, she was present with the French Consul at an extraordinary representation given at the Porte Saint-Martin for the benefit of La Bussière, and sent 100 pistoles as the price of her box. The legend will have it that Josephine was to appear before the Revolutionary tribunal on the 10th Thermidor; that she had already cut her hair for the scaffold. What is certain is, that her life was a question of a few days, a few hours, almost. She was very pusillanimous, and did not attempt to appear heroic; she cried often, and tried with cards to divine what her fate would be. She was one of the first persons set free; she left the Carmes on the 19th Thermidor. When her name was called, all the prisoners applauded; she had made herself very popular while in prison.

Who were her protectors? Mme. de Fontenay, the future Mme. Tallien?—M. Masson does not so believe. He speaks of Hoche, who left the Conciergerie on the 16th Thermidor, of Réal, of Barrère, of Tallien; they probably all had reasons for protecting Josephine. "It has been affirmed," says M. Masson, "that, on leaving the prison, she became the mistress of Hoche." Barras so stated, pretending that Josephine wanted Hoche to divorce in order to marry her, and that Hoche answered that it was all very well to take for a moment a *catin* for a mistress, but that it was absurd to take her for a wife. He also puts in the mouth of Hoche this phrase: "It was natural in prison before the 9th Thermidor to have known her intimately. Once at liberty, it would not have been pardonable." The one thing certain is, that Hoche left the prison two days before Josephine, that twelve days afterwards he was made General-in-chief of the army of the coast at Cherbourg, that he took young Eugene on his staff.

Josephine remained alone with Hortense, She had no money, and could receive nothing from Martinique. She obtained some help from a M. Emmery, a banker of Boulogne, who had long been in relations with her family. At this period she became intimate with Madame Tallien, and through her with Barras. In August, 1795, she was able to take a little hôtel in the Rue Chautereine; she was the mistress of Barras, who after the 9th Thermidor was the real master of the Republic, and would remain so till the 18th Brumaire. She belonged to the set which surrounded Barras at the Luxembourg, and was composed chiefly of ladies of the old régime. Barras had a country house at Chaillot, where Josephine did the honors. M. Masson gives the text of an invitation of "Citoyenne Beauharnais to Citoyen Réal," asking him to dine at Chaillot; "les Citoyens Barras et Tallien doivent aussi s'y trouver." It was in this *milieu* that Gen. Bonaparte found Josephine. Love is said to be blind; Bonaparte certainly was when he fell in love with Josephine—he received what the French call the *coup de foudre;* his passion was sudden, uncontrollable. She found him *drôle*, he amused and interested her; she thought she was conferring a favor on him when she consented to marry him. The last chapters of M. Masson's interesting volume tell the whole story of this extraordinary marriage. Once the wife of Bonaparte, Josephine enters into history.

Correspondence.

THE ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S DEPARTMENT AND THE HULL BILL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your recent denunciation of the so-called Hull Army Reorganization Bill you have fallen into several errors of fact which, to the minds of fair-minded persons, must, in a large degree, vitiate the conclusions you reach as regards the shortcomings of that measure. One of these errors, which occurs on page 1 of your last issue, is so glaring as to call for special remark. Speaking of the draftsmen of the bill—General Corbin and the officers of the Adjutant-General's Department—you say that nearly every one of them would obtain promotion under it. Nothing could be further from the truth. Not only would not "nearly every one" of the officers mentioned obtain promotions under it, but it is

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an easily verifiable fact that *but one* would have been advanced in consequence of its provisions, had it become law. That one, Major Thomas H. Barry, now at Manila, the Adjutant-General of the Department of the Pacific, an officer who has been commended to the President for his meritorious conduct by both Gen. Otis and Admiral Dewey, had no hand in the framing of the bill.

The Adjutant-General's Department, having always been noted for championing the rights of all branches of the service, and especially those of the line, is naturally proud of its traditions. Hence it is a cruel thing to cast unjust aspersions upon the motives of its officers, all of whom were captains of the line with highly meritorious records when appointed to the Department.

Will you kindly give the requisite space to this note, and oblige one who has been a constant reader of the *Nation* for the past twenty-five years?—Yours faithfully,

THEO. SCHWAN.

ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, D. C., February 25, 1899.

[With no intention to misrepresent, we regret having given occasion for this reproof.—ED. NATION.]

TEMPORA MUTANTUR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I find on page 552 of the *Century* for August, 1889, in the "Life of Abraham Lincoln" for which Mr. Hay, our present Secretary of State, holds himself responsible, an illustration of what he calls "human stupidity." It is taken from the declaration of principles of the "Knights of the Golden Circle" of 1864. He quotes what he calls "the following muddled and brutal sentences":

"In the divine economy, no individual of the human race must be permitted to encumber the earth, to mar its aspects of transcendent beauty, nor to impede the progress of the physical or intellectual man, neither in himself nor in the race to which he belongs. Hence a people . . . whom neither the divinity within them nor the inspirations of divine and beautiful nature around them can impel to virtuous action and progress onward and upward, should be subjected to a just and humane servitude and tutelege to the superior race until they shall be able to appreciate the benefits and advantages of civilization."

This was in '89. It is now '99. I cannot help calling to mind what dear old Dr. Bartol of the West Church, Boston, said one Sunday at the close of his sermon: "And now, my brethren, this is what I think about this subject to-day. What I shall think about it next Sunday, the Lord only knows." G. R. W.

WISCONSIN, February 20, 1899.

[The passage quoted above will be found also on p. 3 of volume viii. of the Life.—ED. NATION.]

THE CONSUMER PAYING THE TAX.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "The wayfaring man, though not a fool," has an excellent illustration of the practical working of the above theory, if he be fond of smoking a pipe. By the change in the tax, the revenue stamp heretofore attached to the four-ounce bale of tobacco is now used on a package weighing three and one-third ounces. As the retail price remains the same, the buyer loses one-fifth the weight of his purchase—or twenty per cent. of the price paid is transferred from his pocket to the pocket of the manufacturer: quite a royal sum with which to meet the new tax on tobacco. CONSUMER.

BALTIMORE, February 23, 1899.

A RECTIFICATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The following note, which occurs on page 22 of my inaugural, delivered here (in Oxford) October 20, 1898, concerns a scrap of history which is by no means dead. The flat contradiction to my Preface (in the first volume of the 'Sacred Books of the East') survives, and is repeated to-day, in certain quarters, to my annoyance and discredit. If you will reprint it, I shall be obliged.

This is the first public rectification of this by no means trivial matter which has appeared; and I think that fair-minded people will say that it is by no means uncalled-for and is not ill-timed.—Yours truly,

L. H. MILLS,
Professor of Zend Philology in Oxford.

February 9, 1899.

"Yet there appeared so long afterward as 1895, actually in the *Annuaire* of the University of Paris, [and also in the *Revue Bleue*,] the extraordinary remark: 'Avec cet oubli de soi (!) qui caractérise le vrai mérite. . . . il [Professor Darmesteter] céda à M. Mills l'honneur d'achever la publication,' and distinctly gave the impression in some other words that I suggested (!) the arrangement. The exclamation-points are my own. This very singular version of the facts lingers in Paris to contradict me till this day. The renderings afterwards published in my Gâthas (let me repeat once for all) were in Professor Darmesteter's possession in an unfinished condition, though provisionally printed, and he wrote pointedly asking me to repeat them in the book which he was urging me to write as his continuator: 'Vous n'avez qu'à détacher de votre travail [the Gâthas] la traduction rhythmique avec quelques notes explicatives et le mot-à-mot [Latin] quand vous en écartez trop. Cela vous prendrait infiniment peu de temps, puisque le travail est déjà fait . . . Dans l'espoir d'une réponse favorable' (November 5, 1883, some sixteen years ago)."

THE CASE OF THE CARPET-BAGGERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The new novel called 'Red Rock,' by Thomas Nelson Page, has again brought up the old question of Southern reconstruction and the Northern carpet-baggers. It shows how hard it is to write history that so able a man, and one who obviously wishes to be candid, should yet leave out of sight some of the essential points on which the whole matter turned. The author has the candor to make two of the worst men of his story, Still and McRaffle, Southerners, while one of the best is a Northern settler, Major Welch. This shows that he wished to be fair; and yet he absolutely overlooks two points which make the key to the whole situation.

The first of these points is the fact that negro suffrage was absolutely the only method by which the negroes, who had proved almost the sole Southern friends of the Union, could be protected in their most ordinary rights from those who had tried to destroy it. Anything less would have been an act of desertion on the part of the nation which would have disgraced it for ever. The fact of this necessity will be clear to any one who will read the reports of the conventions called in 1865 by President Andrew Johnson to repeal the secession ordinances and reorganize the Southern States. A good abstract of these conventions will be found in a book called 'The South Since the War,' by Sidney Andrews, a newspaper correspondent of the highest character (Boston: Ticknor & Fields, 1866). He shows conclusively that the apparent object of all these conventions was to keep the negroes in a condition just as near slavery as possible; to limit their right of contract, their right of locomotion, and their range of labor; to have, in short, a separate negro code. It was even proposed in the South Carolina Convention that, "The Legislature shall have power to make laws applicable to colored persons alone, and shall enact such laws as are needful to prevent negroes and persons of color from engaging in any business or pursuit but such as involves manual labor, mining, road-making, agriculture, and the production of naval stores" (Andrews, p. 60). This was not passed, but the general tone of all the legislation was in the direction of "some system of peonage or apprenticeship" (p. 178). The conclusion of Mr. Andrews, who was anything but an extreme abolitionist, was as follows: "If the nation allows the whites to work out the problem of the future in their own way, the negro's condition in three years will be as bad as it was before the war" (p. 225). This he writes after attending the conventions in three Southern States in the very year (1865) in which the scene of 'Red Rock' is laid. In view of these facts, the enfranchisement of the blacks was a simple necessity. It followed logically from the attitude of these Southern conventions.

Again, it is equally unquestionable that the persons mainly responsible for the misdeeds of the so-called "carpet-baggers" were the people of the South themselves. There never was a Western State which received into itself a better class of immigrants than those who entered the South after the civil war. In both cases there was, of course, a mixture of good and poor elements; but from the beginning, in the Western States, this material was sifted by natural processes and the fittest survived. In the Southern States, on the other hand, the immigration was equally sifted, but in the reverse direction, by the bitter hostility of the former slaveholders, who were equally intolerant to the best and the worst. I myself was at the South on military duty, from 1862 to 1864, and saw the beginning of the whole process. I knew, then and afterwards, repeated instances of men of the highest character who came in good faith to bring their capital and energy to South Carolina or Georgia, but who were simply frozen out by the bitter hostility of those among whom they purposed to live. Instead of being welcomed and encouraged, such men found themselves received with suspicion and aversion; and it was a common thing for well-dressed women to hold away their skirts from touching them as they passed in the street. The very people who came to them to borrow money would ostentatiously exclude them from their own doors. Under these circumstances, no man of self-respect could think of bringing his wife and children to such an atmosphere; and the men of the better class who would have been useful citizens more commonly sold out their purchases at a sacrifice and went North again.

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The cheats and bullies, on the other hand, were less scrupulous, and stayed to revenge themselves amply on their persecutors. It must, therefore, always be borne in mind—though it seems to be easily forgotten—that the typical carpet-bagger, of evil reputation, was simply the man who was left behind to do mischief after the better class of immigrants had been driven out.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

[We review this novel on another page. Mr. Higginson, we should say, expects too much accuracy from a writer of fiction. To wish to be candid and to give a general impression of candor is as much as should be demanded. In the novel it makes no difference whether the carpet-bagger was a pioneer or the "man who was left behind to do mischief." Mr. Page's Leech seems to be an excellent example of the "typical carpet-bagger of evil reputation." It is not the novelist's business to discuss points. Mr. Page does not argue about the imperative necessity of granting negro suffrage; he just shows by illustration how impossible it was at that time for the remnant of the old South to endure negro supremacy. The intolerance of Southerners for Northerners, and the incivility of the Southern women, are duly noted by Mr. Page and used in several scenes.—ED. NATION.]

THE LIMITS OF OUR KNOWLEDGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your classical readers may recall Blass's witty use (Kühner, *Griech. Gramm.*, II³., p. xii.) of the fact that the Greek pluperfect has changed its forms, so to speak, since our school-days. We discovered within ten years how Demosthenes said, "We had seen." Are there similar gaps in our Ciceronian phrase-book?

On my table lie harmoniously three large grammars, each written by an American scholar of European reputation, each apparently just perfected with the aid of competent younger eyes. One at least claims to be "complete." Let us raise, for instance, the question, how to express, "The general says the rebels will be easily conquered," or "He says I shall be heard." Lane (p. 127) provides the desired infinitive, *(Dicit me) auditum iri*, and explains it clearly (section 2273). But on p. 123 the same form from *moneo* is starred, and noted, "not used." So, too, with *laudo, rego*, etc. Several hundred pages later we find, in fine print (section 2233), that *fore ut moncar* is the proper form, if *moneo* had no supine. And had it? Presumably not; yet who knows? And what of *amo*, or any verb not here displayed in full? We find no hint.

Harkness (p. 89) gives *monitum iri*, etc., unstarred, and later (633.3) emphasizes the regularity of the form. Yet the very next section warns us that "supines in *-um*" are "not very common," and cites Dräger for the fact that, in all extant Latin texts, only fifty-seven verbs form this infinitive. At 619.3 we hear that the alternative, *fore ut monear*, etc., is itself "somewhat rare." So we must choose between two forms, one rare, the other limited to a few verbs; and we must make the choice by a shibboleth to which we ourselves cannot reply, viz.: "Did you, oh verb, have a supine?" It is more than doubtful if it could be worked any way, since not one verb in three, known to have a supine, makes this infinitive with it.

The Gildersleeve-Lodge proves no Oedipus. These grammarians cling to the "supine system" (though incidentally mentioning that there is no such thing). To them *monitum iri* and *auditum iri* are alike regular. They say, however (section 248), that *fore ut moncar*, etc., is "more common." This grammar apparently omits—probably by accident—to mention that for most verbs no supine has ever been found. It does make, however, the important remark that *fore ut*, etc., does not occur at all in "early Latin" (248 N. 1.)—that is, our chief masses of colloquial Latin, in Plautus and Terence, never use the idiom once! This, with Lane's "not used" affixed to the supines of our commonest verbs, actually bars *both* doors.

Dräger says that 179 verbs form supines. But that simply means that in all ages and authors only so many have been discovered. Whether *amatum; monitum, rectum*, would have been intelligible, familiar, acceptable, to Cicero's or Quintilian's ear, I suppose no one knows. Nor do we know how they would have formed the future infinitive passive of the commonest Latin verbs. It is my impression that no one ever will know.

Such accidental limitations we may strike in any direction. In German, French, Italian, we can refer to living usage, or, if no suitable form exists, it may even now be possible to develop one. In both these respects Latin is, by comparison, *dead*. A form that does not chance to occur in extant ancient authors is lost for us. If a word, a construction, an idiom, is lacking to express our thought, there is no one to supply it from his living knowledge, or to create it. Suppose that, upon some well-fought athletic field, I wish to confide to my Latin colleague the traitorous doubt, "I think our boys will be beaten." Nothing could be simpler; but who can be sure that any Roman would say either *Credo nostros victum iri*, or *Credo fore ut nostri vincantur*. "Free composition" in Ciceronian Latin is good mental gymnastics, perhaps, like trying to talk wholly in words of one syllable, or in words not containing the vowel *a;* but the truth should be frankly faced, that at every turn we may come to things that cannot be expressed at all, and we never know that any idiom or combination, not actually used in Cicero's writings, would be approved by him.

WILLIAM C. LAWTON.
ADELPHI, February 20, 1899.

Notes.

'America in the Far East' is the title of a work in preparation for A. S. Barnes & Co. by the Rev. William Elliot Griffis.

A new novel by Beatrice Harraden, to be published in this country by Dodd, Mead & Co., will be called 'The Fowler,' upon reconsideration of the author's first intention to call it 'I, too, have passed through Wintry Terrors.'

Henry Holt & Co. will publish immediately Lavignac's 'Music and Musicians,' translated by William Marchant, with numerous illustrations; and 'The Rapin,' a Parisian novel, by Henry de Vere Stacpoole.

'Strong Hearts,' three novelettes by George W. Cable; Hilaire Belloc's 'Life of Danton'; 'How to Know the Ferns,' by Mrs. Frances T. Parsons; 'On the South-African Frontier,' by William Harvey Brown; 'A Texas Ranger,' of the old days, by N. A. Jennings; and 'Mezzotints in Modern Music,' by James Huneker, are in the press of Charles Scribner's Sons.

Macmillan Co. will soon have ready 'The Distribution of Wealth,' by Prof. John B. Clark of Columbia University.

The New Amsterdam Book Co. announce 'The British Empire,' by Sir Charles Dilke; 'Animals of To-day,' by A. J. Cornish; and Poe's 'A. Gordon Pym,' illustrated by A. D. McCormack, to be followed by others of his prose tales similarly treated.

Little, Brown & Co., Boston, and Croscup & Sterling Co., New York, announce an edition in English of the works of Alphonse Daudet, to embrace all the novels, romances, and literary reminiscences. Among the translators is Katharine Prescott Wormeley, who will do the Tartarin series and several of the other volumes. The general introduction will be written by Brander Matthews. Full-page photogravures by Goupil, from new pictures by French artists, will embellish the series.

Miss Ellen Larned, the well-known historian of Windham County, Conn., will, if sufficient support be assured, issue 'Historic Gleanings,' in the same county. Subscriptions may be sent to Preston & Rounds Co., Providence, R. I.

Julius F. Sachse, No. 4428 Pine Street, Philadelphia, solicits subscriptions for a work of his now in press, entitled 'The German Sectaries of Pennsylvania, 1720-1800: A Critical and Legendary History of the Ephrata Cloister and the Dunkers.' Facsimiles of all title-pages emanating from the "Ephrata (Kloster) Press," together with initial letters and head and tail-pieces after drawings made and used at the Cloister prior to 1750, and music scores written there, portraits, etc., will quaintly embellish the work, which is a continuation (in two volumes) of the same author's 'German Pietists of Pennsylvania.'

The Century Co. has published in book form an account of the destruction of the U. S. S. *Maine*, given in the form of a narrative by her late commanding officer, Captain C. D. Sigsbee. The material composing this book has already been published in the *Century Magazine;* and offers practically nothing new or much above the commonplace. The destruction of the *Maine* will in time become one of the footnotes of history. Although, properly speaking, not one of the causes of the late war, it so accentuated the situation as to make war more probable. Captain Sigsbee's celebrity arose partly from the great misfortune with which he was so prominently identified, and partly from the admirable way in which he met the disaster in his communications to the Navy Department.

Volume 4 of the Groton (Mass.) Historical Series is just completed by the issue of No. 6, which announces the discontinuance of the publication, and is accompanied by an admirable index to the four volumes, covering sixty closely printed pages. It is a fit occasion to call attention to the remarkable example of devotion to the spirit of local historical research furnished by Dr. Samuel Abbott Green, a native of Groton, and now Librarian of the Massachusetts Historical Society, in the editing and publishing of this series. The four volumes contain almost exactly 2,000 large octavo handsomely printed

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pages, filled with all manner of historical and descriptive detail. In the table of contents of volume iv. we note such items as: Groton church records; mocking-birds in Groton; a wild deer in Groton; the old stage-coaches; the Groton post-office, etc. There have also been published by Dr. Green, and edited with the scrupulous fidelity characteristic of the man, at least four volumes: 'Groton Records, 1662-78' (and later edition, 1662-1707); 'Groton during the Indian Wars'; 'Groton Epitaphs'; 'Boundary Line of Groton,' and a large number of pamphlets not included in the Historical Series, most important of which are Dr. Green's historical addresses on several occasions, notably at the "Centennial" celebration July 4, 1876. It appears that Dr. Green has thus edited and published since 1875 considerably more than 3,000 pages of local history. When it is considered that his town is not, like Lexington or Concord, prominent in the history of the State or of the nation, and that its population at present is only about 2,000, it appears doubtful whether any other town of equal size and relative importance has ever witnessed such filial devotion. A very few sets of the Groton Historical Series remain unsold, and are in the hands of Mr. George E. Littlefield, No. 67 Cornhill, Boston.

It was a beneficent thought on the part of Prof. Albert H. Smyth to rescue his paper on the Apollonius story from the literary isolation of the Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society, and reprint it in book form, under the title, 'Shakspere's Pericles and Apollonius of Tyre: A Study in Comparative Literature' (Philadelphia: MacCalla & Co.). In this volume of 112 pages the curious reader will find all that he is likely to learn upon the origin of the story, its ramifications in mediæval literature, especially in the literature of England, its adaptation in the semi-Shaksperian drama of "Pericles." To quote the author's words, "For ten years I have followed the story through the libraries of Europe, collecting MSS. and examining incunabula from Copenhagen to Constantinople." His study is thus straight from the sources. It is an admirably clear and exhaustive treatment of a complex subject. After a pretty searching inspection, we are satisfied that the author has left no line of investigation unpursued. His work is indeed a study in comparative literature: patient, painstaking, free from bias, with a distinctive gift of literary appreciation which raises it above the usual German monograph—for example, Singer's on the same subject. It is readable and stimulating; whereas Singer's lucubrations are labored and at times perplexing. Prof. Smyth's investigations and conclusions are, we happen to know personally, quite independent of Singer's. His work is all his own. We greet it as a fresh evidence of American capacity for original research.

A monograph entitled 'Théophile et Paul de Viau; Étude historique et littéraire,' by M. Charles Garrisson (Paris: Picard), presents in complete, though somewhat dislocated, form the leading events which marked the dramatic lives of the two brothers. The author, while making no attempt to mask his religious convictions, deserves commendation for the objective way in which he discusses the burning question that disturbed France in the early years of the seventeenth century; in this he succeeds so well that the total impression of the work is colorless. Its chief interest lies in the revival and elaborate examination of an hypothesis suggested so long ago as 1839 by the late Philarète Chasles in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. According to this, the imprisonment of Théophile de Viau in the Conciergerie "dans le cachot du régicide Ravaillac" (1623-1625), was not occasioned solely by the shamefulness of his contributions to the 'Parnasse Satyrique' nor, again, by the malignancy of the Jesuit order, whose members the poet had handled without measure. M. Garrisson, after careful investigation of external, but shadowy, contemporary evidence which seems to agree both with the poet's covert admissions in his famous "Épitre d'Actéon à Diane," and with his subsequent professions of regret where it was due, arrives at the conclusion that Théophile fell a victim to the notorious jealousy of Louis XIII. by expressing a too undisguised devotion to Anne of Austria. Although M. Garrisson's arguments appear plausible enough, he would have given stronger support to his thesis by attempting to explain why the persecution of the poet lasted only two years. As the case stands, we are offered nothing more than the conjecture that the royal anger waned in that time, and the statement that before his early death Théophile de Viau was permitted to attend the *coucher du Roy*.

Among interesting smaller publications which have lately come to our notice from abroad, is one from Germany on 'The Language of the Soldier' (*Die Deutsche Soldatensprache*). It is by Dr. Paul Horn of the University of Strassburg. Dr. Horn is a distinguished Persian scholar and philologist; but he serves every year, for a time, as an officer in the Kaiser's army, and he has made a very interesting collection of the phrases, terms, jargon, and dialectic usages that are peculiar to the German soldier from the cannon's mouth to the darts of Cupid's quiver. The book is useful and instructive, and it is written in an entertaining style.

The historic publishing-house of Cotta, in Stuttgart, issues each year, under the title 'Musen-Almanach,' a collection of new poems from the best modern writers in the Fatherland. The annual for 1899 has been edited by Otto Braun, and between its covers are contained specimens from most of the leading living poets, especially epic and lyrical. Among these writers are found Felix Dahn, Max Haushofer, Hans Hoffmann, Hermann Lingg, Wilhelm Jensen, and perhaps a dozen others. In addition, the volume contains two prose contributions, one by Stern and the other by Haarhus. The book is brought out in splendid shape, and is one of the very best annuals of the many published in Germany.

The special features of the February Bulletin of the Boston Public Library are lists of recent additions to the statistical department—a term apparently of very wide application; works in the Polish language; and titles of books, addresses, and articles in current magazines and newspapers on the policy of territorial expansion. The expediency of printing a page and a half of titles of newspaper clippings is very questionable, when a single entry would have given all necessary information.

Bulletin No. 19, vol. iv., of the New York State Museum at Albany is a guide to the geological collections, based upon Lincklaen's 'Guide' of 1861, but in a large measure new. It is accompanied by a colored relief map of the State, showing the boundaries of the geological systems, but its character as a general introduction to geology is greatly enhanced by a series of admirable photographs illustrating the text. These are scenically interesting, while portraying faithfully plain and mountain; glacial phenomena; rock strata, dikes, and folds; shores, gorges, falls, markings on sandstone, etc.

The Cyclopean ruins in the Caroline Islands are described by F. W. Christian in the February *Geographical Journal*. The most important of these are the remains of a "Micronesian Venice" in the lagoon of Ponape, consisting of fifty or sixty islets, "mainly artificial in formation," and occupying an area of about nine square miles. They are defended from the sea by a massive breakwater. The material used is basalt, which was brought a distance of twenty or thirty miles in immense masses—one piece has been found weighing three and a quarter tons. On one island a great wall, thirty feet high by ten feet thick, "formed of basaltic prisms laid alternately lengthwise and crosswise," encloses an oblong space strewn with fragments of fallen pillars and containing a "great central vault or treasure-chamber, said to be the grave of an ancient monarch, who bore the dynastic title of Chau-te-Leur." Some excavations were made, but the only finds of importance were "ten or twelve ancient axes, three of them about a yard in length, rubbed down from the central shaft of the *Tridacna gigas*, or giant clam." On Ponape itself was discovered an ancient cemetery in which were nine graves, "little vaults not exceeding four or four and a half feet in length within—roofed in with massive slabs of basalt," the graves of dwarf negritos, a race probably anterior to the builders of the giant masonry. Useful tables are given by Mr. J. Milne, F.R.S., showing the differences between the time used in various parts of the world and Greenwich mean time. We notice that he incorrectly puts Georgia and Florida in Eastern time. Mr. G. P. Winship of Providence contributes a note upon the evidences that Sebastian Cabot "visited the ice-bound seas in the years 1508-1509."

Miss Flora L. Shaw, the *Times* special correspondent, in a paper read before the Royal Colonial Institute of London, describing her trip to the Klondike, bears emphatic testimony to the remarkable honesty and uniform courtesy of the gold-seekers, of whom more than 27,000 crossed the passes last year. Though travelling quite alone, "I had not been three days in the country before I realized that a revolver was about as likely to be useful as it would be in Piccadilly." The great need of the country is the presence of woman as a home-maker. "The absence of homes," she says in a striking passage, "in such a place as Dawson explains to a great extent the existence of saloons; and in noting the contrast between the splendid qualities exercised in the effort to acquire gold and the utter folly displayed in the spending of it, it was impossible to avoid the reflection that, in the expansion of the Empire, as in other movements, man wins the battle, but woman holds the field." In closing she referred to the fact that, notwithstanding almost overwhelming difficulties, not the least of which were "unfortunate mining regulations and other conditions of a generally stultifying description," the average gain of the 4,000 actual workers during the past season was about $3,000.

The publishers of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* of Munich have at last consented to receive

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separate subscriptions for the famous literary and scientific supplement to that influential journal. This *Beilage* holds a unique position as the depository of much of the leading literary researches and discussions in Germany. As a scholarly journal for the educated world at large, it is the only specimen of its kind in existence. A large number of the best university men and other specialists contribute to its pages. It was in this *Beilage* that Döllinger published the famous "Janus Letters" during the Vatican Council of 1870. The subscription price for Germany is 4.50 marks, and for foreigners 7 marks per quarter year.

The year just past, aside from other astronomical curiosities, surpassed the record in cometary astronomy, no less than ten comets having been observed. Three of them were returning periodic comets, but seven were new, and two were discovered by photography. It is no new thing for a year to have as many as seven comets, but 1858 is the only previous year that has had so many as eight. The present year will perhaps afford us a great and conspicuous comet, none having appeared for already seventeen years, and the previous half-century having been favored with one very remarkable comet, on the average, every ten years. At least four comets of lesser importance, and of the periodic type, are expected in 1899, three of them in the coming summer. The first is the one originally discovered in 1858 by Mr. H. P. Tuttle, with a period nearly fourteen years, and the next is the second periodic comet first seen by Herr Tempel, while at the Brera Observatory in Milan in 1873, its period being five years and three months. The third is a faint and much extended comet discovered by Mr. Holmes in 1892, which will be remembered as puzzling the astronomers for many weeks by seemingly remaining stationary among the stars, thus giving the impression of coming straight towards the earth. Its orbit finally turned out to be remarkable as the closest approach to a circle of all known cometary orbits. The fourth expected comet of 1899 is due in the late autumn, and is the one first discovered at the Cape of Good Hope by Dr. Gill's first assistant, Mr. Finlay, in 1886, and this will be its second reappearance. All these comets belong to the Jupiter family, this giant planet having been concerned in their capture and permanent retention in the solar system.

An eclipse committee, with Prof. Newcomb as chairman, is gathering information regarding intended observations of the total eclipse of the sun which will occur on May 28, 1900, along a line reaching northeastward from New Orleans to Norfolk, and thence across the Atlantic, Spain, and Algeria. Totality is but brief in duration; still, it is expected that many observers will take part, although less can be done than if a longer duration were available. Observers will probably prefer stations east of the Alleghenies, as to the west of those mountains the duration will range from 1 minute 30 seconds near the mountains, to 1 minute 13 seconds near New Orleans, where the sun will be much nearer the eastern horizon. The circular of the committee invites the co-operation of astronomers generally as to measures to be taken to secure observations of the eclipse on a well-concerted plan, the classes of observation to be considered most important, and the best means of making them, together with information as to parties expecting to coöperate in the work, and how the necessary funds for prosecuting it are to be raised. Similar problems confronted American astronomers in face of the previous eclipses of August 7, 1869, and July 29, 1878, on both of which occasions fine series of observations were secured, as also during the California eclipse of January 1, 1889. Cloud conditions, as already investigated, are, however, by no means so favorable as at those dates.

The Baltimore Association for the Promotion of the University Education of Women, whose purpose is "to secure for properly qualified women opportunities for advanced study," offers a foreign fellowship of the value of $500 for the year 1899-1900. Preference will be given in the award of this fellowship to Maryland women, or women who have identified themselves with educational work in Maryland. Candidates must present the same evidences of ability and fitness as are required from applicants for the fellowships offered by the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ. The committee on award for the Baltimore association are Mrs. Fabian Franklin, No. 1507 Park Avenue; Miss Edith Hamilton, Bryn Mawr School; Mrs. John Helmsley Johnson, No. 1031 North Charles Street; Dr. Mary Sherwood, "The Arundel"; Dr. Lilian Welsh, the Woman's College. Applications should be presented before March 25.

The Association for Maintaining the American Women's Table at the Zoölogical Station at Naples offers a scholarship to such as wish to study there, and will furnish the necessary information through the Secretary, Miss Ida H. Hyde, No. 1 Berkeley Street, Cambridge, Mass. "Well-qualified women will be appointed in preference; but if no suitable women present themselves, men will be eligible in their stead." The only other American tables are the Smithsonian and the University.

An excellent photographic likeness of that fine old actor, the late Charles W. Couldock, has been issued by F. Gutekunst of Philadelphia, in his imperial panel series of public characters. The expression of the face is eminently characteristic, and the peculiarity in the setting of the eyes most artfully concealed, without any sacrifice of truth.

The death at the age of seventy-seven, in Tokio, January 19, of Katsu Awa, removes the ninth and last of that brilliant band of men who stood in the forefront of the nation's history in 1868, at the fall of the Shogunate and the resumption, after nearly seven centuries of abdication, of imperial executive powers. Katsu's great-grandfather began life with a handful of "cash"—fractions of a cent—and ended it as a millionaire, able to lend to the daimio of Mito a sum representing $5,000,000 of our current money. When, in 1854, Commodore Perry's marines and sailors landed from the fleet on the strand at Yokohama, Katsu, a soldier on the hill, as we have heard him tell the story, was then and there converted into a modern Japanese. He made up his mind that the men who could build and equip such ships and make locomotives and telegraphs could not be "barbarians." Studying gunnery and navigation under the Dutch at Nagasaki, he commanded and successfully navigated across the Pacific the first Japanese steamer, *Kanriu*, bearing the embassy sent by the Premier Ii, who was promptly assassinated for his action in signing the treaties. As the Shogun's and the Mikado's Secretary of the Navy, Katsu was largely instrumental in making Japan's modern marine. In 1868 he saved the city of Yédo from the war-torch, and prevented a bloody conflict between the Shogun's retainers and the southerners led by Saigo. He was among the first to send a son to this country for education, and the youth studied at Rutgers College and the Naval Academy. Katsu wrote an outline of the modern intercourse of his country with other nations and a history of the navy of Japan, besides other works which showed the polished scholar. He resigned twenty-five years ago from active administrative office, but has since been one of the most valued private counsellors of the Emperor.

—Very amusing is the amount of argument as to when the twentieth century properly begins. Not only is space in the periodical press of this country and Europe given up to surmises, with adduced proofs for one or the other year of beginning, but verbal demands to settle the question at once, and finally, greet the astronomer at every turn, while bets among the rustic youth of hill-towns flourish gayly. In the current number of the London *Observatory* reference is made to an interview recently granted by the Astronomer Royal on this absorbing subject, and its subsequent burlesque in *Punch*. It seems that village wagers have an honorable precedent in the bet between two eminent Scotch lawyers as to the century to which the year 1800 belonged. They referred it for arbitration to the Lord Dean of Guild, and in 1870 gave a merry dinner at Glasgow, where evidence was taken and a decision reached. A pamphlet printed the same year for private distribution gives a humorous account of the occasion. The outcome, easy to foresee, was that 1800 belonged to the eighteenth century, one of the proofs adduced being the dictum of Sir John Herschel, that there never was a year 0, but that A. D. 1 followed immediately B. C. 1; and another the astronomical announcement that Ceres—first found of the now multitudinous family of small planets—was discovered on the first day of the new century, January 1, 1801. Of course the other side brought forth arguments, but, as their sponsors thought more upon the subject, some were afterwards withdrawn. Besides this amusing little pamphlet, the proper arrival of the nineteenth century was of such interest in Germany that a bright play upon the subject was written by Kotzebue. And that the beginning of the twentieth century differs in no wise from its predecessors, is maintained by the Astronomer Royal, who gives his evidence for January 1, 1901, as the first day of that rapidly approaching era.

—A careful reading of Mr. Henry Jones Ford's 'Rise and Growth of American Politics' (Macmillan) leaves us somewhat in doubt as to the precise object the author has had in view, and the class of persons for whom he has written. Neither a constitutional history nor a narrative of events, the book is a brief examination of some of the political notions prevalent in the colonies, and the changes which they underwent in the early years of the constitutional period; with the aim, apparently, of explaining the origin and growth of certain political principles and their resulting methods. The earlier chapters, tracing the development of political ideas from their colonial origins to the establishment of the conven-

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tion system, are written in a style at once serious and epigrammatic, and throw light into a number of obscure corners. Particularly interesting are the comments on the political relations between aristocracy and democracy, and the nationalizing influence of party. The later chapters on Congress and the Executive are mainly descriptive accounts of slight importance, though enlivened by a number of fresh illustrations drawn from recent events. At the end we have three chapters of speculation as to our political future. The present divided responsibility for legislation and administration, and the popular hope for a strong Executive to hold Congress in check, will, Mr. Ford thinks, tend ultimately to centralize authority in the legislative department of the Government, and give us, in place of our present organization, a system of ministerial responsibility similar to that which prevails in England. To employ a much overworked term, Mr. Ford's book is suggestive rather than informing, and the net impression it leaves is unsatisfactory; still, it will prove not unprofitable reading to any one whose knowledge of American history is fairly extensive.

—Mr. H. Gee's 'Elizabethan Clergy and the Settlement of Religion' (Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde) is a minute and painstaking study of ecclesiastical history between 1558-1564, which was instituted with a special view to ascertaining the number of deprivations which occurred during those years. The figures ordinarily accepted by Protestant historians vary from 189 to 400, while Romanists adhere to Rishton's statement that "the better part of the clergy followed in the footsteps of their prelates; very many of them, high dignitaries in the church, were either thrown into prison or banished the realm." Mr. Gee's range is wider, and his scrutiny of the evidence more careful, than that of any predecessor. He has searched all extant Episcopal registers, the Domestic State Papers, the Patent Rolls, the Exchequer Records, and other documents which might illustrate the Visitation of 1559, the work of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and the operation of the penal laws. His main conclusion is that during the first eight years of Elizabeth's reign the number of deprivations could not have risen far above 200. According to Camden's 'Annals,' there were at this time 9,400 ecclesiastical dignitaries in the realm, and so it follows, if we accept Mr. Gee's figures, that for every clergyman removed 46 went unmolested. To a public which is familiar with "practical" civil-service methods, this proportion will hardly appear excessive, even if the stress of Reformation politics be not allowed a place among the extraordinary considerations. Numerous lists of removals, more or less detailed, have been drawn up from time to time, since the Elizabethan age, but Mr. Gee finds that they are vitiated by dependence on Nicholas Sanders. His computation is contained in the seventh book of the 'De Visibili Monarchia' (Louvain, 1571), and it is obviously to be accepted with extreme caution. According to Mr. Gee, Sanders, in an "inaccurate and exaggerated way, gave the names of all he knew or had heard of amongst the clergy and laity who had got into difficulties with the ecclesiastical authorities during those years [1558-1564]." This latest actuary of the early Elizabethan deprivations rejects all previous statements, and reaches his own result by using as data the contemporary documents for that period which still remain. Within a small margin of error, his estimate is probably correct.

—At last, after an interval of three years, the second and concluding volume of the new edition (the third) of Wright's 'Arabic Grammar' (Cambridge, Eng.: University Press; New York: Macmillan) has appeared. There is little need to speak in praise or blame, as the Arabs would say, of such a book as this. It is the best single Arabic grammar extant in any language, and, without doubt, it will be very long before any other takes its place. De Sacy's monumental work, when combined with the commentary of Fleischer, may in some respects be a fuller thesaurus of facts and opinions, but, for all practical purposes, the student of Arabic will need to use Wright. That being the case, the only pity is that the revisers, Robertson Smith for the first eighty-six pages of volume i., and the great Leyden Arabist, De Goeje, for the remainder, did not allow themselves wider liberty in their changes. When Wright remodelled his first edition into his second, the first volume alone received an addition of almost 100 pages; in this third edition there is a reduction (aided greatly, it is true, by compression in printing) of more than thirty. It can hardly be doubted that Wright, if he had lived, would have carried the revision very much further. The additions would have been greater, and the whole would have been recast, probably on the lines indicated by August Müller in his review of the second edition. Thus, as only one example, we have a right to expect some adequate and separate statement of the laws and transformations of Arabic sounds. In Nöldeke's 'Syrische Grammatik' the *Lautlehre* fills nearly a tenth of the whole book; in Stade's 'Lehrbuch der hebräischen Grammatik' it fills considerably more than a tenth; in this grammar there is simply none. The book, therefore, must be regarded as a disappointment, in spite of its intrinsic value and of the great improvement which it shows over the earlier editions. It is very good, but it should have been much better. The get-up is excellent and in every way worthy of the press from which it issues; the Arabic type is from the very clear font which was cut for Lane's use in his Lexicon.

—Lord Curzon's first public duty on his arrival in Bombay as Viceroy-elect was to receive a deputation of the provisional committee of the Imperial University, or Research Institute, which it is proposed to establish in India. Mr. Jamsetjee N. Tata offers a capital of thirty lacs of rupees (say one million dollars), yielding an annual income of some forty-odd thousand dollars, as a nucleus for the funds of the institution; and the committee appeal to Government to second their efforts. The annual charge on the several departments, when once fairly equipped, is estimated at about $500,000. The scheme divides the studies into three groups—scientific and technical, medical and sanitary, and educational and philosophical. Bacteriological research figures largely in the plan, and ought certainly to make a powerful appeal, not only to Government, but to the native princes as well, especially now, while the plague is still raging. No better argument could be given for the utility of the scheme than the marvellous story of the wonders achieved by medical science at Anzop, a little village of less than six hundred inhabitants, in the Turkestan highlands, some two hundred miles from Samarkand. Anzop lies in a hollow in the mountains at a level of more than fourteen thousand feet above the sea, and so walled in by other surrounding heights that better isolation from infectious diseases could not well be conceived. The plague had nevertheless been introduced there by a "holy person" who had brought back from a long pilgrimage a lot of coverings of tombs of the saints in Afghanistan. These a widow in Anzop had cut into small pieces and made into amulets for "the faithful" to wear on their breasts. It was no great matter for them to remain "faithful unto death," for 381 of the villagers were promptly stricken with plague, and all but three of these were claimed by the Grim Releaser. Dr. Lieven inoculated with Dr. Haffkine's prophylactic every one of the survivors, about a hundred and twenty in all, and then the awful pest was stayed, the last death occurring four days after Dr. Lieven's arrival with his phials of vaccine from a Bombay laboratory. It reads like a miracle even to us; but to the people of this mountain hamlet in Central Asia it must have seemed more than that, and they will doubtless for decades to come worship the St. Petersburg doctor as a god.

RECENT NOVELS.

The Open Question: A Tale of Two Temperaments. By Elizabeth Robins (C. E. Raimond). Harper & Bros.

Red Rock: A Chronicle of Reconstruction. By Thomas Nelson Page. Charles Scribner's Sons.

A Son of Perdition. By W. A. Hammond, M.D. Herbert Stone & Co.

A Sister to Evangeline. By C. G. D. Roberts. Lamson, Wolffe & Co.

The Forest of Bourg-Marie. By S. F. Harrison (Seranus). London: Edward Arnold.

'The Open Question' is a belated specimen of the novel which discusses social problems both disagreeable and dismal. Though the author enters the vineyard at the eleventh hour, she has not been standing idle in the marketplace, but has been scanning and criticising the work of the earlier laborers until she felt competent to scoop all their problems and clear up confused notions about consanguinity, heredity, negro slavery, political corruption, suicide, free will, and doom. She has appreciated the magnitude of her task, and taken plenty of room for argument and for illustration of her views in a summarized history of three generations of a Southern family named Gano, and a particular account of the fourth and last. The summary is not always cheerful reading, but is less distressing than the particular account, because it deals with the Ganos of a pre-scientific age, who recklessly intermarried and died young, ignorant of cause and effect. It is, besides, good narrative—concise, vigorous, and showing a perception of the comic side of human tragedies nice enough to enliven without danger of wounding the tenderest sensibilities. This ability to tell things directly and to characterize persons and scenes reappears in the later chapters at intervals, and sometimes lures us to forget that our duty here is to consider awful questions of race-degeneracy, disease, and death. We elude them with ease in the adventures of Mrs. Gano (the grandmother) among the Boston abolitionists; in some passages of the girlhood of the first Valeria Gano and the childhood of

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the second; in one or two scenes of Ethan Gano's youth in Paris, and in those sketches of crude Western society which intrude on the open question in its most poignant phase.

Where so many questions are opened and not one of them closed (for both in argument and illustration the author cautiously avoids finality), one hesitates to assign pre-eminence. The question of the desirability of suicide receives great attention. An Australian lady, pursuing art in Paris, argues fiercely in favor of self-destruction, as if it were a luxury wantonly denied the masses by kings or capitalists. Her audience appears to have little to detain it in this world except instinctive love of life, a dumb force opposing itself resolutely to argument, and not much thought of by the author. She has a far higher opinion of the indifference to life shown by a few Roman citizens who were also philosophers, or disappointed warriors, or disgraced politicians. Like most persons who eulogize the readiness of a few pagans to go out the open door, she seems to suppose that the Roman Empire may have perished through the universal custom of suicide, and she certainly forgets that this example can have no force worth speaking of for the inheritors of two centuries of Christian tradition. Persons of low vitality like Ethan Gano shrink from the responsibilities of life, and to believe themselves capable of seeking death in "high Roman fashion" is to invest themselves with heroic attributes, and so excuse their incapacity for living in any fashion.

Ethan Gano's temperament was the best sort of soil for John Gano's fierce and shallow doctrines of heredity to flourish in. Ethan saw himself doomed to physical disease and mental ineffectiveness by the thoughtless Ganos' habit of intermarrying, and he fled from his cousin Valeria, for he had yielded to this family habit and wished to marry her. Many an ignorant Gano had committed an error which for him, with his new knowledge, would be a crime. His later subjection by the rather intemperate passion of Valeria is not surprising; but what becomes of the doctrine of heredity when a descendant of fervidly religious Southerners and rigidly religious Puritans enters without moral revolt into the compact proposed by Valeria—the compact that involves the question which is supposed to be particularly open? The compact is repulsive, and the question is not open any more than is the question of the assassin's right to stab in the dark or the anarchist's right to throw a bomb. Women who propose to live with a man until a child is about to be born, and them to get up a family holocaust, are quite out of the question. For Valeria Gano the salvation is that, from previous knowledge, no one will believe she ever did it. With her self-will and temper and intense love of life she had no need to resort to ghastly, theatrical tricks to persuade Ethan to marry her; even to persist in letting him see that she wanted him so much would have done it. From the moment that she suggests her inhuman compact, she ceases to be only a self-centred, restless American girl, warranted to turn out all right, and becomes that sort of female horror which has been copyrighted by Ibsen. Miss Robins has been so closely identified with the representation of Ibsen's heroines that they have infected her mind and perverted a naturally clear and sane vision of life. Still, Norwegian pessimism has not devoured her, or she could not have written one-half of the book (the half which is worth reading and excuses extended notice of the whole); nor could she have drawn so effectively the grandmother of the last of the Ganos. This remarkable old lady is the great figure of the novel. By faith in God and a will to live, in spite of the Gano hereditary disabilities, she managed both to exist and rule for eighty years. Unfortunately for Valeria, she died without having heard a whisper about the compact.

It is to be hoped that Miss Robins may care to shake off the influence of Hedda Gabler & Co. They are not good society, and they and their problems have no profound significance in any country, except, perhaps, in Norway, where the weather is always cold, where people are always poor, and half the year is dark. It will be a thousand pities if these wretched Norwegian women prevail to spoil the makings of an exceptionally entertaining novelist.

The day has already arrived when a novel founded on the civil war has that rather chilling remoteness from contemporary interest which in some degree marks all historical fiction. The passions of those who suffered most have cooled, and the memories of loss and wrong are dim; so the power of vivid emotional presentation which fervid personal feeling gave to certain Southern writers has worn weaker, and they have accepted the judgment of time, which admits two sides to every case. This is a gain for purposes of enlightenment, but a serious loss to a creative art which does not make its first appeal to reason, nor its strongest impression by fair play. Mr. Page's earlier impassioned tales of the war are, therefore, more memorable contributions to fiction than is his well-considered and interesting 'Chronicle of Reconstruction.' Once or twice bygone passion dominates maturer judgment, but that is in the earlier chapters just when the storm is breaking, and before he settles down to his fair-minded chronicle. His account of the state of things at "Red Rock" may stand as an impartial picture of what was going on all over the South for several years after the war. Leech, the carpet-bagger, is a probable portrait of the sort of person who in great numbers abused his authority and brought his official superiors to shame. On the other hand, Middleton and Welch represent those men who, inferior in numbers, and perhaps in force (for the good are notoriously feebler than the wicked), loathed heaping humiliation upon a prostrate enemy and wished only to help in wiping out old scores. Dr. Cary is a fine type of the Southern gentleman who stood for the Union until he was forced by ties of affection and long comradeship to go with his State, and who accepted defeat with dignity and courage. It is a little difficult to believe that he could have been hopelessly crushed by the treacherous and malignant overseer, Hiram Still. Still's machinations for the destruction of his betters make the plot—a very complicated and melodramatic and futile sort of a plot. If many overseers succeeded in routing their masters by similar transparent infamies, that is the saddest testimony to the exhaustion of the old South in both courage and capacity. The attempts at the suppression of base-born ruffians were singularly trivial and ineffective. The Ku-Klux offered the only concerted resistance, and the conception of that organization appears to have been childish, while its performance was farcical as well as terrible. Resort to the law-courts was, of course, worse than useless if the scenes described by Mr. Page were possible. Such scenes may be among those things in life which are stranger than fiction, but we are not convinced that they are anything better than expedients for winding up a tale. Mr. Page's fiction is not strengthened by their use, and they might even serve to discredit the general veracity of his chronicle.

Dr. Hammond's novel, 'The Son of Perdition,' is a remarkable product of profane imagination applied to the elaboration of some picturesque characters conspicuous in sacred history. Novelists choosing to embroider the plain Gospel narrative of the life of Jesus Christ have hitherto been handicapped by conscience or by tradition, or even by conventional respect for names of persons not in themselves impeccably respectable. Long before beginning this novel, Dr. Hammond must have got rid of sentimental impediments to free interpretation, and reached a point of view which has the possibly doubtful merit of being exclusively his own. The persons about whom his fancy plays most surprisingly are those of whom our knowledge is slight and not wholy creditable—Judas Iscariot, Mary Magdalene, and Sapphira. These three he involves in a wild and not finically decent romance, and for each constructs a character without authority and without aid of any faculty except imagination. But imagination keeps up at high pressure, and so, in spite of a fundamental offence against good taste and in spite of a careless, loquacious style, the book can hold the attention of those whose prejudices in favor of reverence may survive the first shock.

Mr. Charles Roberts, the Canadian poet, is a better writer of descriptive verse than of prose romance. He knows and feels more about the marshes and forests and streams of Nova Scotia than about the human beings who inhabited that province, called by another name—Acadia. In 'A Sister to Evangeline,' the climax is the deportation of the Acadians, a moment so dramatic and emotional that any hack might contrive to convey something of its imperishable pathos. Mr. Roberts has managed to miss it with astonishing completeness. He has no faculty for characterization, apparently no intuitions about human nature. His people are ineffective and superficial in ordinary life, and more markedly so in crises. He has at his command no clever mechanical devices by which a more serious deficiency might be concealed. His plot and paragraphs are as unsubstantial as his characters. His English is not the natural English of any period—closer, perhaps, to seventeenth-century Puritan phrase than any other; a form which does not go trippingly on the tongue of his eighteenth-century Frenchmen. The burden of the drama is borne by a purely artificial and incomparably dull pair, Grûl, the idiot, and La Garne, the Black Abbé. Mr. Roberts appears to be fond of them, for this is the second tale in which they appear. They are perfect bogies, and unless he can shake off their fascination, it will prove fatal to his aspirations as a novelist.

As 'A Sister to Evangeline' does not quicken curiosity about the prose work of Canadian poets, one turns to 'The Forest of Bourg-Marie,' by Mrs. Harrison (Seranus),

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with that languid interest that accompanies a foregone conclusion. When, on the very first page, the Yamachiche is associated with Lethe, with spirits that stalk in Plutonian shades, and with an imaginative peasantry, interest sinks to zero. No better compliment can be paid to the author than to say at once that recovery from the depression caused by her preliminary rhetorical flourish is speedy, and that very soon we recognize work done from the life by a keen, truthful observer with a hand surprisingly bold, yet sincerely sympathetic. The plot is romantic, and hinges on the return to his native wilds of Magloire Caron, translated during several years of exile in Milwaukee into a person who hands his grandfather a printed card bearing the inscription, "Mr. Murray Carson, expert in horseflesh." This Magloire is a type of the Americanized Canuck, and is drawn to the life with a frankness no more cruel than he deserves. He is vulgar, vain, shallow, immoral, and saved only by a childlike naïveté from being intolerably offensive. The situation between him and his grandfather (the impoverished but not degenerate descendant of a noble house) is admirably taken, and if the older man appears less vivid and real than the younger, it is because his type is rarer, not because it has never actually existed. Besides the Carons, there are half-a-dozen types vigorously sketched without exaggeration or sentimentality, and with no notion of working them up to an utterly false conception of a picturesqueness inherent in their race and condition. The picturesqueness of the *Canadien* is largely imaginary, but nobody who meets a humble *habitant* bearing the name of a seventeenth-century gentleman of France can help surrounding him with the atmosphere of romance. In the old trapper, Mikel Caron, Mrs. Harrison gives its full value to this sort of picturesqueness, while of the un-American, pictorial quality of Canadian villages there is a good illustration in the picture of the curé leaning on his garden-gate suavely inviting the great Magloire to enter and view his unworthy hollyhocks. In the make-up of her novel, Mrs. Harrison betrays inexperience. The passages of the Caron family history are cold interpolations; some of the conversations wander unduly, and the catastrophe at the Manoir is too full of sound and confusion. But these defects should be easily overcome by a writer who can give us a book so very much alive.

TWO DANTE BOOKS.

Essays on Dante. By Dr. Karl Witte. (Being selections from the two volumes of 'Dante-Forschungen.') Selected, translated, and edited, with introduction, notes, and appendices, by C. Mabel Lawrence, B.A., and Philip H. Wicksteed, M.A. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1898. 8vo, pp. xxii, 448, 1 plan.

Dante's Ten Heavens: A Study of the Paradiso. By Edmund G. Gardner, M.A. London: Constable & Co. 1898. 8vo, pp. xii, 310.

That the study of law fosters literary ambition and smooths the way to distinction in letters, is a proposition which might be plausibly supported by many extraordinary examples. The history of literature furnishes many instances of those who began their literary careers with Justinian or Blackstone. It is rare, however, to find a man of letters continuing to pursue legal science as his life's work, as did Karl Witte, the most distinguished, perhaps, of modern Dante scholars. Prof. Witte's life was remarkable in more than one respect. Born near Halle in the year 1800, he was educated by his father until, at the tender age of nine and a half years, he matriculated in the University of Leipzig. Before he was fourteen, he took his doctor's degree, presenting a thesis upon the Conchoid of Nicomedes, a curve of the fourth degree. He then went to Italy to study law. He soon became interested in Dante, and almost immediately reached the conclusion that the criticism then current of the 'Divine Comedy' was hopelessly perverse and fatuous. A vigorous essay on "The Art of Misunderstanding Dante," which he completed in 1823, opened his career as a critic and contained the programme of his life work. In the same year he was appointed extraordinary professor of law at Breslau; six years later he was promoted to a full professorship, and in 1834 he was transferred to the University of Halle, where he taught law and wrote works on jurisprudence for nearly fifty years.

Dr. Witte is probably best known in Germany for his translation of the 'Comedy,' the first edition of which appeared in 1865; he is esteemed by the special student of Dante for his collation of manuscripts and textual criticism; the intelligent public, however, outside of Germany, is likely to rely on his collected essays, 'Dante-Forschungen,' for its knowledge of the spirit and results of his years of research. The volume before us contains what is best and of most permanent interest in the two volumes of the original collection. The editor estimates his work with such justness and with such a conciliating sense of humor that we cannot do better than repeat his words:

"Some passages are so technical that they will doubtless be skipped by all but a few experts, and some so popular that all except beginners will desire fuller details and ampler references; but there is no essay which, taken as a whole, has not such general interest as appears to justify its inclusion in a volume intended for the general reader; and in the more technical or erudite portions of the essays I have endeavored to give (in the notes and appendices) such information as will enable the unlearned reader to follow the argument and understand the references. Indeed, the information contained in some of these notes is of a very elementary character; but it is just what every one is supposed to know that no one is ever told; and the student is often left to a long, uncertain, and painful course of inference with respect to the very foundations of some portions at least of his subject."

What to do about controversial matters upon which the editor—himself no mean Dante scholar—differs from Dr. Witte, was a puzzling question.

"The editor," Mr. Wicksteed pertinently urges, "who never dares to trust his author and his reader together for fear they should hatch mischief against *him*, who nervously directs where they are to join and where part hands; who is perpetually thrusting obtrusive suggestions between them, and fluttering and clucking to his chicks at every second line, is a person who ought to be suppressed by an inviolable conspiracy of inattention."

The translators have taken their task very seriously, perhaps a bit too seriously for the general reader. The book falls into "brevier" pretty often and looks unreadable. As one reads Mr. Wicksteed's admirable appendices—all too short as they are, and tucked away in a corner—one wishes that he had given us an original treatment, instead of reproducing Dr. Witte's somewhat antiquated work. The preparation of a series of essays of his own could hardly have taken so much time as the careful translation, with the hours spent in painfully verifying, in the British Museum Library, all of Witte's citations. The present volume is, of course, the pious tribute of an enthusiastic admirer and disciple to his revered master's memory. The demands of *Pietät* might, however, have been satisfied by an appreciative estimate of Dr. Witte's important work, accompanied by Mr. Wicksteed's own independent studies of certain phases of Dante's writings and spiritual experiences. In such a volume all the drawbacks of the present plan would have been obviated. The general reader would have learned more, and the student would naturally have turned, as he still must do, to the German or Italian originals of Dr. Witte's technical contributions.

The first three essays in the volume before us set forth Dr. Witte's general conception of the poet and the proper way of approaching his works. He himself believed that the kernel of all his later studies lay in the very earliest of them (number two of the present collection), that published in 1824, in his first youthful enthusiasm. "My other labors in this field," he says, "strike me as subsidiary to the root-idea there developed, calculated to strengthen its foundations rather than lead to anything fresh." The essay on Dante's Trilogy, with Mr. Wicksteed's admirable appendix, will prove the most instructive, perhaps, of all the chapters to the average reader. It discusses the relation of the 'Vita Nuova,' 'Convito,' and 'Comedy' respectively to their author's spiritual development. Mr. Wicksteed takes courteous exception to Dr. Witte's view of the middle period of supposed apostasy. As he forcibly argues, there seems to be no inclination in the 'Convito' presumptuously to place philosophy on the same plane with theology. It was not an alienation from religion and theology which Dante laments as his great sin. He begins the 'Convito' "with the twofold purpose of glorifying his present mistress (Philosophy), and of explaining away such part of his own reputation as seems inconsistent with the high missionary purpose he now entertains. He will allegorize all his Canzoni addressed to mortal women, other than Beatrice," whose rivals are not philosophy but only the world and the flesh. He finds the task difficult, even dishonest, and his conscience revolts from it. Such things in his past life as part him from Beatrice are not to be explained away but repented. Philosophy, however, has not stood between him and Beatrice, but leads him back to her. "The *Convivio*, is cast aside, superseded in its mechanism, and damned by its taint of disingenuousness. His studies in Philosophy (always guided by Theology, as the *Convivio* clearly enough shows) have deepened and purified his life, till at last, in spite of himself, they have brought him back, in an agony of shame, to Beatrice, now glorified into the symbol of Theology herself—and the *Comedy* is born."

The second group of essays (iv.-viii.) prepare the reader to understand the 'Comedy' by explaining "Dante's Cosmography," "The Ethical Systems of the Inferno and Purgatorio," "The Topography of Florence about the Year 1300," "Dante and the Conti Guidi," and the significance of the poet's letters. There is a chapter on the good wife, Gemma;

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some discussion follows, a part of it decidedly technical, of the earliest commentaries upon the 'Comedy' and Dante's life, and the volume closes with a paper on "Dante and United Italy." The translation is excellent throughout, in spite of the difficulties which the original presents.

Of Mr. Gardner's 'Dante's Ten Heavens' we may safely say that it is the most careful and extensive study of the "Paradiso" in English, probably in any language. The difficulties and obscurities of the third part of the 'Comedy' are well known; they may, indeed, attract rather than repel the true Dante enthusiast, but "the incredible excess of unsensed sweet" will never be other than an esoteric theme. Mr. Gardner's book is not, then, a hand-book for ladies' literary clubs, but, as might be expected, is for the delectation of the earnest student, who brings with him keen historic insight, as well as a deep sense of poetic beauty and some sympathy for metaphysics. The work serves as a valuable supplement to the notes which Lubin, Dean Plumptre, Scartazzini, Witte, Longfellow, and others have added to well-known editions of the 'Comedy.' It suggests in some ways Vernon's 'Readings on the Inferno,' but resembles more closely in arrangement and spirit Prof. Hettinger's chapter on the "Paradiso" in his scholarly study of the poem.

It is to be regretted that the author, who should have realized that he could hope to reach only the earnest scholar, did not treat somewhat more fully than he has done the questions which his little audience would most gladly hear discussed. For example, the close relation of Dante's theories of the heavenly polity to those of the Pseudo-Dionysius and of Saint Bernard is referred to in too general a fashion to be more than suggestive and tantalizing. Mr. Gardner, like so many of his scholarly countrymen, is, we must assume, ignorant of German. He makes no allusion to Dr. Witte and the abundant literature of his subject to be found only in German, and uses the abridged English version of Hettinger.

Angels' Wings: A Series of Essays on Art and its Relation to Life. By Edward Carpenter. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.; New York: Macmillan.

The keynote of this infelicitously named volume is to be found in the opening sentence: "There is a strong impression that the democratic idea, as it grows and spreads, will have a profound influence on Art and artistic methods; and that Art, in its relation to life generally, is in these days passing into new phases of development." Mr. Carpenter is, in fact, a bit of a Tolstoyan, though he differs much from Tolstoy in details, and though one of his gods is Tolstoy's pet aversion, Richard Wagner. Like Tolstoy, his effort is to make out a democratic doctrine of art, and to show that art, like government, should be "of the people, by the people, and for the people." He is rather clever and more or less plausible, and covers a deal of ground somewhat thinly, discoursing of painting and sculpture, literature and music, mythology and folk-lore, and, finally, of "The Art of Life," not quite convincing one that his competence is equal to his pretension.

The first essay of the book is on the somewhat oddly consorted trio, "Wagner, Millet, and Whitman," who are treated as embodiments of democratic art, and on the second page we are confronted with the statement that "all three men were revolutionaries, in more than one sense of the word. Wagner was arrested in the streets of Dresden for complicity in the riots of '48; Millet was nicknamed the 'Wild Man of the Woods' by his fellow-students, and accused of being a 'Socialist' by his critics; Whitman was ejected from his clerkship in the Treasury at Washington on account of the wickedness of his poems." Now why should Millet be called a "revolutionary" because "his critics" accused him of what he always denied? And though Wagner was a bit of a republican in politics, does it follow that that most elaborate and expensive of all forms of art, the music-drama, is democratic? Millet was by instinct a conservative and the lover of what was old, and his artistic admiration was for Poussin; and while few of us will agree with Tolstoy in his dictum that Wagner's art is no art at all, most of us will agree that it is a highly artificial, romantic, and aristocratic art, which makes as little appeal as possible to the universal feelings of humanity. As to Whitman, we might perhaps give him over to Mr. Carpenter. It is chiefly in London that the art of Whitman has as yet been taken very seriously.

The second essay, which gives its title to the volume, is nominally on the tendency of art, as it grows more mature, to reject, on anatomical grounds, the symbolical use of wings, so common in early art, and to represent even flying figures as wingless. The moral of this is supposed to be that "anything that conflicts very hopelessly and fundamentally with the reasoning faculty cannot be very permanently successful in its influence on the mind." One shudders to think where this would leave the fairy stories of the Nibelung tetralogy if the doctrine were made out, but it is not. Mr. Carpenter appeals to the Greeks as the people whose "instinct of proportion and fitness, in Art and life, exceeded that of any other people we know"; and, because they represented winged figures only occasionally, thinks they showed a tendency to reject "anything which cannot be fairly distinctly thought out." But the Greeks habitually represented certain figures as winged—*e. g.*, Victory, Eros, Iris; and they were fond of representing other imaginary creatures—griffins, chimeras, fauns, and, above all, the centaur—which it is quite impossible to think out. Again, are Michelangelo's hugely muscled colossi, supported in midair without even a wing to aid them, more thinkable than the demure and devout angels of Giotto and Angelico? It may be said that none of these things have proved "permanently successful," and that they have lost their influence on the human mind; but at least the example of the Greeks goes by the board. The rule would seem to be that, in the highest forms of art, things must be so imagined as at least to *seem* possible for the time being. In lower forms of art, such as decoration, it is enough if they are pleasing.

The question of "realism" having thus been brought up, it is further considered in the following essays. The material of art is considered as derived from three sources, nature, "the Physiological basis of emotion in the human body," and conventional symbols and associations; and each of these is considered in a separate essay. In the essay on "Nature and Realism in Art," the argument is that, of the two tendencies of modern realism, that towards mere photography and useless detail is, "obviously, an error," while that towards the treatment of "those aspects of Nature—the ugly, the obscene, the criminal, and so forth—which are generally ignored" is useful in "the unearthing of a vast amount of material which, in the hands of future masters, may be available for the most searching effects." Zola is condemned for lack of artistic treatment—for not having made "the discords lead to their proper resolutions"; but we are said to "owe him much in this way." Finally, we are referred, for a "perfect example of Realism in its best form," to the frieze of the Parthenon, which is considered as "a simple transcript of actual facts." One is led to wonder if Mr. Chamberlain really believes that all Greeks of the Periclean age were as beautiful as these figures. The few portraits that remain to us prove the contrary, if proof were needed.

In "The Human Body in its Relations to Art," Mr. Carpenter deals with what Mr. Whistler thinks is all of art, what Mr. Berenson considers the most vital and artistic part of art, and what Tolstoy hardly considers art at all, viz.: the direct physiologic effect of tones, lines, colors, etc., upon the human brain and body; and also with the representation of that body in art. Here our author takes direct issue with Tolstoy, and blames him for being "so completely dominated by the fear of the senses that he cannot see the blasphemy there is in denying and crippling the human body," and, while agreeing that most modern treatment of the nude is bad in art and in morals, concludes that, "in the free, sane acceptation of the human Body, in all its faculties, lies the Master-key to the Art of the future." In "Tradition, Convention, and the Gods," we get deep into totemism and the origin of religion, but the outcome of it all is that art progresses only by overthrowing conventions and by the familiar return to nature. "To be absolutely one's self" is the true aim of the artist. Finally, we get back to pure Tolstoyism in the essay on "The Individual Impression," and are shown how the results of modern realism and modern individualism are to be reconciled and harmonized into one whole by the infusion of a new ideal, the "advent of a new Religion":

> "The Religion of the future must come from the bosom itself of the modern peoples; it must be the recognition by Humanity as a whole of that Common Life which has really underlain all the various religions of the past; it must be the certainty of the organic unity of mankind, of the brotherhood of all sentient creatures, freeing itself from all local doctrine and prejudice, and expressing itself in any and every available form. The seal and sanction of the Art of the future will be its dedication to the service of this Religion."

And so, amid a profusion of capitals, the part of the book which concerns us comes to an end; for with the two analytical essays on the music of Beethoven, and with the concluding essay and various addenda on "The Art of Life," the present writer will not meddle. The work is interesting, if not conclusive, and its perusal may be enjoyed even if one rejects its doctrine.

Actors of the Century: A Play-Lover's Gleanings from Theatrical Annals. By Frederic Whyte. London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan. 1898.

Mr. Frederic Whyte, the compiler (for he

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can scarcely be called the author) of 'Actors of the Century,' is the capable translator of Mr. Augustin Filon's critical review of 'The English Stage,' and it was in the accomplishment of that task, apparently, that he found inspiration for this pretentious, but not particularly instructive, volume. At all events he admits, with refreshing if superfluous frankness, that his knowledge of theatrical history and personages is of very recent date, and, arguing from his own condition, he concludes that there must be a vast number of persons just as ignorant as he used to be of the entertainment to be found in books of dramatic commentary and biography. To enlighten these unfortunates, he has made very copious clippings from the works of such familiar authorities as Charles Lamb, Leigh Hunt, William Hazlitt, George Henry Lewes, Henry Morley, William Robson, Dutton Cook, and many others of lesser weight, and has connected them by means of a running review of his own, so as to make something like a continuous narrative.

He gossips pleasantly enough, and, as a rule, so far as the first half of the century is concerned, uses his scissors with discretion, but, of course, he has nothing new to tell, while his own reflections are not very precious. With Lamb, Hunt, and Hazlitt he could not go very far wrong. It is when he comes to deal with recent and contemporaneous events, and ventures upon the expression of personal opinions, that his deficiencies in knowledge and in judgment are revealed. For instance, in speaking of comedians who attained great heights in tragedy, he groups together Robson, Coquelin, and Nellie Farren. A more grotesque comparison it would be difficult to conceive. The most conspicuous example of tragic force in a comedian, in recent times, was furnished by Samuel Phelps, whom Mr. Whyte seems to know chiefly as a tragedian. He does, indeed, quote a eulogy of this actor's performance of *Bottom*, but never heard, apparently, of his equally notable *Christopher Sly* or his *Falstaff*. Phelps was the most versatile actor, probably, of the century. He was the best *Sir Peter Teazle* of his day (except, perhaps, Chippendale), and the best *Sir Anthony Absolute* in England. His *Sir Pertinax Macsycophant* was a masterpiece, and he was inimitable in such character parts as *Bailie Nicol Jarvie*. The diversity of his parts was amazing, and his excellence in all of them and his eminence in most of them undisputed, yet Mr. Whyte makes no record of these achievements. In one place he commits himself to the astonishing assertion that Charlotte Cushman was the counterpart in form and feature of Macready, as well as in histrionic gifts and characteristics—one assertion being almost as far from the truth as the other. His enumeration of modern actors of distinction is quite worthless, many good performers being overlooked altogether, while players of fifth-rate importance, or no importance at all, are set down among the leaders. Walter Montgomery, Creswick, Miss Marriott, Miss Glyn (the best *Cleopatra* of her time), Henry Marston, Chippendale, Kate Bateman, and Charles Coghlan are some of the obvious omissions, and, doubtless, there are many others. The name of Mrs. Warner is mentioned once, casually. As to the extent of Mr. Whyte's critical judgment, that may be guessed from his remark that Mr. Beerbohm Tree is the arch-type of the all-round actor, which proves that he is unable to distinguish between mere ingenuity in the arts of external disguise and genuine artistic versatility.

The book is printed very handsomely, and contains a large number of portraits, upon which the author sets great store. Most of these have long been common in all theatrical collections, but a few of them are more rare. The portraits of Adelaide Neilson convey no hint of the extraordinary personal fascination of that meteoric actress.

Sketches of the History of Georgian Literature. Parts I. and II. (Ocherki po storii Gruzinskoi Slovesnosti.) By A. S. Khakhanoff. Moscow: University Press.

Prof. Khakhanoff of the Lazarevski Institute of Moscow devotes a certain part of his book to the mass of legendary tales and folk-literature to be found in the language of the beautiful Eastern land of Georgia. There are a great number of curious apocryphs on sacred subjects which claim the attention of the scholar now that this kind of literature has come so much to the front. The Georgians use two alphabets, the ecclesiastical and the civil. The latter is the one now most often employed. The oldest monument of Georgian literature belongs to the sixth century. First we get versions of portions of the Bible, and afterwards translations of the Greek classic authors, such as Plato and Aristotle. There is a complete manuscript of the Bible dating from the tenth century which is preserved in the library on Mount Athos. Prof. Tsagarelli of the University of St. Petersburg has taken the trouble to make an exhaustive catalogue of all known MSS., which number considerably more than a thousand. In our own time the Georgian press is very active at Tiflis. There exists in that city a society devoted to the diffusion of education among the Georgians. In this way many useful modern works and many of the old classics are rendered accessible. We remember seeing at Tiflis the interesting collection of manuscripts belonging to this society. The great period, however, of the development of Georgian literature was during the eleventh and twelfth centuries. This is rightly styled by Prof. Khakhanoff their golden age, and it is with the close of this period that the two present instalments of his work end. At a subsequent date he proposes to treat of the long but inactive time supervening, which lasted from the thirteenth to the close of the eighteenth century. The concluding volume is to tell of the renascence of Georgian literature under the rule of the Russians.

The thirteenth century includes the age of Queen Tamara, the great sovereign of Georgia, in whose time the country reached its highest pitch of prosperity. That she was a remarkable woman there can be no doubt, but her name is absolutely encrusted with legend. All the wonderful things in the country are assigned to her—and her portrait has come down to us (if we can rely upon it) in many ancient frescoes. To her reign belongs the poet Shota Rustaveli, the author of the strange romantic epic in quatrains 'The Man in the Panther's Skin' *(Vephkhvis-tkaosani)*. Much has been written about this author, whose work is certainly full of color and like the production of some Eastern troubadour. Mr. Khokhanoff gives an excellent analysis of it, and therefore it is in a way accessible to a person who cannot read Georgian. It is a strange Oriental love-poem, the origin of which has been much disputed. Prof. Khokhanoff, as in duty bound, takes a hand in this discussion. Some people think the poem must have had a Persian origin, though there has never been found anything like it in Persian. The manners described in the epic are free from Mohammedan influences. On the other hand, there is nothing distinctly Christian about it, and so much was this felt that the clergy put the poem more or less under a ban. It had become a favorite production with the people. Indeed, the lines are on the lips of the Georgians as veritable household words. King Vakhtang VI., having established a printing press at Tiflis in 1709, set about printing 'The Man in the Panther's Skin,' just as Caxton soon tried his hand on an edition of Chaucer. To stop all scandals and prevent the clerical ban, the pious King furnished the poem with a religious commentary in which he made all the love-passages to be mystic, as has been done in other instances. As regards Rustaveli, he is said to have died at Jerusalem as a monk in 1215. His portrait is there shown in a fresco. Whether he cherished a hapless passion for the imperial Tamara we cannot say for certainty. It is so stated in Georgian writings, and if he did so he would only be like his brother troubadours in the West, who always nourished a hopeless passion for some exalted dame. Little has been done as yet to make this poem known to Western readers. A few years ago Mr. Arthur Leist published a very condensed version, substituting the heroic metre in the style of Pope's 'Iliad.' The quatrains would certainly prove very heavy ballast. We believe a much more minute version in prose may soon be expected from the pen of a young English lady who has shown considerable knowledge of these difficult languages in her 'Mingrelian Folk-Tales.'

We have no space for the strange romances of the same period. The glories of Georgia and of the Karthveli, as the people style themselves, were to undergo a rapid decline. This Christian nest, with its traditional glories of St. Nina, was surrounded with Moslem foes. It was harried by Mongols, Tatars, Persians, and Turks. In 1793 Tiflis was burned to the ground by the Persians. We cannot but feel that if the Russians had not stepped in, the Georgians would have had the fate of the Armenians, or would have been forcibly converted *en masse*.

Prof. Khakhanoff not only, as a native Georgian, is well acquainted with his subject, but understands how to write about it in a very readable way.

Camping and Tramping in Malaya: Fifteen Years' Pioneering in the Native States of the Malay Peninsula. By Ambrose B. Rathborne. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.; New York: Macmillan. 1898. Map, illustrations. Pp. xi, 339. 8vo.

Twenty years ago the small native states on the southwestern coast of the Malay Peninsula had but recently come under British protection. The land was undeveloped, covered with forest and jungle, roadless, and sparsely inhabited by semi-savages, pirates, and slave-dealers. A few Englishmen were among them, some restraining and guiding the native rajahs, administering justice,

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maintaining the peace, and putting down crime and misrule. Under the direction of others the natives were clearing the jungle for plantations, learning the best methods of agriculture and mining, and making roads from the coast to the interior. Among these "pioneers of progress" was the author of this book.

His first undertaking, a coffee-plantation, failed from lack of skilled labor, and the greater part of the time from 1880 to 1895 was spent in exploring, surveying, and road-making. These duties carried him into every part of the country, and his narrative gives a striking picture of its condition in its wild state. He has few exciting adventures to relate, but many interesting descriptions of life in the forest and villages, together with accounts of the native industries. Stories of personal encounters with wild animals are numerous, especially with tigers, which seemed to haunt every path, and invaded camps and even houses for their human prey. The primitive condition of those days is shown by the following incident: Into a hospital just opened there came one evening "that shy and exclusive animal the rhinoceros, which, entering at one end, walked calmly through one of the wards, passing between the beds of the astonished patients, and departed through the opposite doorway without harming any one or doing any damage." Mr. Rathborne visited a village whose inhabitants kept many "slave monkeys" chained near their houses to gather their fruit for them.

"When a cocoanut was wanted, a man or boy would fetch a light rattan reel, on which was coiled a long cord. The chain would be detached from the monkey's collar, and the string fastened to it instead, and he would then be led towards some tree where there appeared to be a ripe nut or two, and told to ascend it, which he would do in a somewhat sulky and protesting manner, stopping half-way up, until a sharp tug of the cord and an expostulatory remark from his master compelled him to continue; for in this respect the monkey is very human in his dislike of being made to do what he is told, if it is at all distasteful to him. On reaching the cluster of nuts near the top, several tugs of the cord would be necessary to assist him to make up his mind which was the ripest and easiest to detach, and to throw down the one required. Finding a suitable foothold, he would twist the nut round and round until it broke off and fell down—none too easy a task to accomplish, as its fibrous stem is tough and difficult to break. If another nut was wanted, a look of wearied disgust would overspread his face as he slowly proceeded to do as he was bid. The order to descend was obeyed with more alacrity, and, the string being rewound, he would be led back and chained up, and left to take his exercise, walking to and fro as far as his tether would permit."

This record of one Englishman's part in the development of a tropical country is full of lessons for us, now that we have assumed the sovereignty over islands similar in climate, natural features, and people to Malaya. It was not an easy task to teach these Malays the art of coffee cultivation, nor to search out in forests and swamps the best routes between the coast and the interior, and then to build the roads essential to the prosperity of the land. It was a life of constant toil and privation, of long periods of isolation from all companionship save that of natives, of dangers innumerable from man and beast, to which one must show apparent indifference if he is to gain the respect of his men. "I never, during all my travels," says our author, "carried a weapon of any sort other than a chopper-knife." He refers often, also, to the British magistrates scattered here and there, describing their comfortless homes with the repulsive or unhealthy surroundings of a native village; pictures them listening patiently to grievances, settling disputes, quelling peaceably, with the aid of a few Sikh policemen, a riot in a Chinese mining-camp, sustained in their work by the hope of rescuing these childlike people from the rapacity of their native rulers, and enabling them to enjoy the fruits of their industry, more abundant as their labor is more intelligently directed. And the cost at which Great Britain does this civilizing work is not hidden. Writing of the sudden deaths of several of these men and of the self-sacrificing devotion to duty which characterized them, he says:

"I have often heard a beardless youth, still in the enjoyment of every boyish pastime, and with all his life before him, say to a friend (quartered in some more salubrious district, with whom he was on a visit to recruit his health), 'I *must* go back; I have my work to do.' An unanswerable argument; and the lad has returned perhaps only to succumb to his illness, with no witnesses to mark or appreciate his heroic disregard of all else but his sense of duty."

And the reward? Throughout his book, but especially in the last chapter, Mr. Rathborne gives some of the results of these fifteen years of British rule. Where he cut his way with severest toil through the virgin forest, forded torrents, and waded waist deep in pestilential swamps, there are now railways, macadamized and metalled roads. Bamboo villages have become well-built towns; the jungle is rapidly giving place to plantations of coffee and spices; tin-mining has been revolutionized by the introduction of machinery. Since 1880 the population has trebled, the revenue has increased from less than a million to more than eight million dollars, the foreign commerce from six to fifty-three millions, and railway receipts from nothing to more than a million and a quarter.

It only remains to add that the attractiveness of this interesting and suggestive volume is increased by some excellent reproductions of photographs of characteristic scenes.

Ignaz von Döllinger: Sein Leben auf Grund seines schriftlichen Nachlasses dargestellt von J. Friedrich. Erster Theil: von der Geburt bis zum Ministerium Abel 1799-1837. Munich: Beck. 1899. Pp. x, 506.

Döllinger's remote ancestors seem to have been officials in the service of spiritual or secular potentates, although at least as far back as two generations he might justly claim to have been what Oliver Wendell Holmes was wont to call "a descendant of the Academic Races." His grandfather was physician *in ordinary to the prince-bishop* and professor in the medical faculty of the University of Bamberg, of which he was the chief organizer. This institution was abolished on the secularization of the prelatic principality and its incorporation into Bavaria in 1802. His father followed the same profession, and was one of the most distinguished anatomists and physiologists of his time. Agassiz, who studied embryology under his direction at Munich, praises him as a keen observer and deep thinker, and confesses that he first learned from him to "value accuracy in scientific research." The boy Ignatius inherited the same spirit, and was led to choose the clerical profession not so much from strongly religious feelings, as from intense love of learning and the desire to fathom mysteries. He was fond of plying his father with all sorts of questions, to which he received ready and satisfactory answers; only when they touched the province of theology the reply was apt to be evasive, and to take the form of, "That I don't know," or, "No one can tell." These responses produced an effect which was quite peculiar and unexpected. Instead of inferring from his father's ignorance of these things that they could not be known, and thus ceasing to think about them, he had his curiosity stimulated, and came to the conclusion that by studying theology he should be able to understand what would otherwise remain a mystery. This notion was encouraged by his pious mother; and although the father did what he could to counteract this purpose by directing the lad's thoughts to other subjects, he did not directly oppose it, on the general principle of permitting every mind to follow its own bent. He deeply regretted that his son should become a priest, and decidedly disapproved of celibacy on physiological grounds, to say nothing of moral and social considerations.

Ignatius was remarkably precocious; although the statement that he could speak Latin at five and read Greek at seven may be rejected, on his own authority, as fictitious. It is certain, however, that he acquired a knowledge of several languages and their literatures in early youth. At ten he had read the works of Corneille and Molière, and knew the poems of Schiller by heart. A little later he learned Italian and English, and afterwards added Spanish and Portuguese to the list. Indeed, at sixteen, he was far more familiar with French than with German books, and this fact is mentioned as exceedingly characteristic of German culture, indicating an utter lack of national spirit.

In Prof. Friedrich's biography of his illustrious friend and academic colleague, considerable space is devoted to descriptions of the lives and times of the father and grandfather, thus giving the reader a clear conception of the environment in which the young man grew up, and furnishing also a valuable contribution to the intellectual history of Germany at the beginning of the present century. He draws a melancholy picture of the University of Würzburg under ecclesiastical domination and the bureaucratic sway of the bigoted and despotic Hapsburg dukes, when all scientific publications were subjected to a rigid censorship, and eminence in any department of research caused a professor to be an object of suspicion. It is a significant coincidence that this state of things should have led the elder Döllinger nearly a century ago to raise the question of the intellectual inferiority of Catholicism to Protestantism recently agitated by Prof. Hermann Schell of the same university. It is also a striking proof of his psychological insight and acumen that he explained the miraculous cures said to have been wrought by Prince Alexander von Hohenlohe at Bamberg in 1820 on the same principle of suggestion adduced by Prof. Charcot, Dr. Forel, and other neuropathologists in explanation of the wonderful healings performed by the waters of Lourdes and the holy coat of Trier. He did not deny their reality, but stripped them of their supposed supernatural character. It was also due to his influence that his son

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was not carried away by the excitement among theologians, but took a sober and scientific view of the alleged wonder-workings.

Young Döllinger attended courses of lectures on philosophy, philology, anthropology, history, mathematics, æsthetics, physics, natural science, and law, and thus laid the foundations of a broad and general culture before entering upon the study of theology. He was fond of botany and entomology, in which he made as a student some original investigations recognized by no less an authority than Rees von Esenbeck. Still stronger was his predilection for philology and history, which unfortunately were then treated in the University of Würzburg as ancillary to theology; had a proper place been assigned to them as independent disciplines, it is highly probable that he might have chosen one of them as his specialty. The extent and accuracy of his bibliographical knowledge caused him to be selected to prepare a catalogue of the University Library when he was only eighteen years of age. Indeed, the versatility of his talents seemed to render it difficult to determine in what field of knowledge they might be most fitly employed, and it was the prominence assigned to theology at Würzburg that probably turned the scale and determined his final decision, since it tended to confirm his early conviction that this science alone can furnish a solution of the deepest problems of human life. In this connection he quotes the words of Proudhon: "Il est étonnant qu'au fond de toutes les choses nous retrouvons la théologie"; and adds: "Dans ce fait il n'y a rien d'étonnant que l'étonnement de M. Proudhon."

Especially interesting and important for a correct knowledge of Döllinger's early academical career is the account of his relations to Lamennais, Baader, and Görres in Munich, where he was appointed to a professorship of ecclesiastical history and canon law in 1826 and became a frequent contributor to the journal *Eos*, the organ of the "Görres-Verein." Among other papers, he wrote sharp criticisms of Heinrich Heine, who avenged himself in some coarse but witty verses, which are still quoted by Döllinger's foes, although the purely personal origin of the feud has been long forgotten.

The present volume closes with the publication of Döllinger's 'Lehrbuch der Kirchengeschichte' in 1836, and its translation into English, French, and Italian soon afterwards. A second edition appeared in 1843, but when the publisher wished to issue a third the author refused, on the ground that, owing to the great change in his views, the whole would have to undergo a thorough revision. The work was very highly appreciated by his co-religionists in England, where he was offered a professorship in St. Cuthbert's College at Ushaw, near Durham, which he declined. This refusal did not cause any diminution in the cordiality and frequency of his intercourse with his English friends, and in Munich his house was for a long time the headquarters of the "English colony." Prof. Friedrich's biography will be completed in three volumes. It is the result of careful researches, is written in an attractive style and admirable spirit, and will correct many false notions by giving a faithful record of the life and aims of a remarkable man.

The Companions of Pickle: Being a sequel to 'Pickle the Spy.' By Andrew Lang. With four illustrations. Longmans, Green & Co. 1898. Pp. xii, 308.

We recently reviewed 'Pickle the Spy,' Mr. Andrew Lang's elaborate demonstration of his firm but sad conviction that one "Pickle," whose name appears frequently in the records of the Secretary of State's office as an indefatigable spy and informer of all the proceedings of Charles Edwards's followers, was really Alexander Macdonell, the "Young Glengarry," and ultimately the head of his celebrated clan. For this exposure of a Highland chief Mr. Lang has been most bitterly assailed by the worshippers of all that is Celtic. It was bad enough that, a century and a half ago, Simon Lord Lovat, "McShimei," the Chief of the Clan Fraser, was convicted of the basest treachery; Highlanders cannot bear to have a brother chief stand in a symmetrical pillory on the other side of the porch of history. But Mr. Lang, who is conscious of no motive but a love of truth, has returned to the charge, multiplying and classifying his proofs of "Pickle's" identity with young Glengarry. To this he has added eight or ten papers dealing with other characters in the Stuart interest. The most amiable of these is George Keith, Earl Marischal, the friend of Frederick the Great, Voltaire, and Rousseau, who undoubtedly was a sensible, high-minded man, but hardly that epitome of all the virtues that Mr. Lang makes him. Of most of his other personages there is little good to be said, and indeed little, good or bad, to be said at all. Every additional scrap of contemporary information printed about the later Stuarts and their friends tends to show that they richly deserved to fail; princes and nobles alike were an effete race, living in a kind of dreamland, incapable of sound deliberation or prompt action, thinking when they should have struck, and striking when they should have thought, and always suspicious and irritable among themselves whether their sky was clear or clouded.

One of the most interesting chapters is a description of the state of the Highlands in the days before the '45, bearing out in all points Bailie Nicol Jarvie's account of their poverty and misery, and amply vindicating Macaulay's uninviting picture on which so much censure has been cast.

Mr. Lang's book is sumptuously printed and illustrated, but it takes more than mechanical beauty and literary skill to make the Stuart partisans anything but a "feeble folk."

Historic Homes of the South-West Mountains, Virginia. By Edward C. Mead. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1899.

Between the Rappahannock and the James, and between the tide-water region and the Blue Ridge, lies a picturesque range of highlands, something more than hills and less than mountains, which bear the name of the South-West Mountains. Before the middle of the last century, pioneers who had left the thickly settled eastern country for the uplands were attracted by the beautiful scenery, pure air, fertile soil, and abundance of water, and fixed their homes here, to be soon followed by others. These families, enlarging their possessions, and knitting themselves together by intermarriage, became in some sense a peculiar people. The climate was less enervating than that of the lowlands, and the conditions of life less rugged than those of the mountaineers in the west; and while the settlers shared the energy and thrift of the one, they also enjoyed the culture and refinement of the other.

Among them were the Jeffersons, Randolphs, Lewises, Pages, and others whose names have become historic. The ancient log-houses gave way to more pretentious erections, sometimes—like Monticello, which was thirty years a-building—adorned with a classical portico and tympanum; but more often of that nondescript but delightful style now called "colonial," which subordinated all rules of architecture to the comfort and convenience of the inhabitants. The ancient homes are now in part occupied by the descendants of the builders, while some have passed into the hands of aliens, who still cherish the traditions which cling about them.

Mr. Mead has here given accounts, descriptive, historic, and anecdotal, of nearly thirty of these ancient and beautiful homes, illustrated by photographs; and while the book, of course, possesses a more special interest for Virginians, others will read it with pleasure as giving glimpses of a state of society which the world never saw before, which lasted for about a hundred years, and will never be seen again—the life of the Virginia upland planter.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Ali, Ameer. A Short History of the Saracens. Macmillans. $3.
Aston, W. G. A History of Japanese Literature. Appletons. $1.50.
Barrows, Rev. J. H. The Christian Conquest of Asia. Scribners. $1.50.
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